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No. 1597.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Annual Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on MONDAY, the 24th of JULY. The Certificate of age must be transmitted to the Registrar fourteen days before the Examination begins. By order of the Senate,
Burlington House,
May 7, 1858. W. M. B. CARPENTER, M.D. Registrar.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.—AMERICAN PLANTS.—The exhibition of the AMERICAN PLANTS will take place on MONDAY NEXT, June 7th. Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens by orders from Filwers or Dr. ARNOTT, in the Chiswick Garden, on FRIDAY NEXT, at Three p.m. Admission, by tickets, is each.

GRAND FETE at the CHISWICK GARDENS on WEDNESDAY, June 9, tickets, 5s. each; and THURSDAY, June 10, tickets, 5s. each; at the Libraries, Music-shops, principal Nursery and Seedsmen, and at 21, Regent-street.

THE GROUNDS of CHISWICK HOUSE will, by the kind permission of the Earl of Carlisle, be opened to the Visitors to the Horticultural Society's Exhibition on Wednesday and Thursday next.

HEATING APPARATUS at CHISWICK.—A LECTURE, on the Boilers and other contrivances exhibited at the Horticultural Society's Great Meeting, will be delivered by Dr. ARNOTT, in the Chiswick Garden, on FRIDAY NEXT, at Three p.m. Admission, by tickets, is each.

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The College Session commences on the first Friday in October. The Classes are open to the public on payment of the regular fee. Candidates for admission on the Foundation are requested to send in their applications and certificates, with as little delay as practicable, to either of the Secretaries, from whom full particulars may be obtained.
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Those gentlemen who intend to favour the Society with contributions of their WORKS for EXHIBITION are requested to inform the Honorary Secretaries by a note addressed to the Central Office, 24, North John-street.

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON, 67 and 68, Harley-street.—W. SIGNOR FUSCO's Second Lecture, on the ITALIAN LITERATURE of the NINETEENTH CENTURY, will be delivered on TUESDAY NEXT, June 5th, at 4 p.m. Gentlemen are admitted on the introduction of a Lady Visitor, a Member of the Council, or a Professor.
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ROYAL MEDICAL BENEVOLENT COLLEGE.—The Committee of Governors for obtaining a more economical administration of the Funds of this Institution beg to remind their Professional Brethren and the Governors generally that their exertions are necessarily attended with considerable expense. Donations in aid of this important object will therefore be thankfully received by
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REVIEWS

The Earls of Kildare, and their Ancestors: from 1057 to 1773. By the Marquis of Kildare. Second Edition. (Dublin, Hodges & Co.)

We have often wished that Time had spared those histories of Roman families which Cicero's friend, Atticus, wrote for the amusement of his patrician friends, and which are so highly praised by Cornelius Nepos. We should like to see how the ancients managed that peculiar form of composition. Rightly written, such a history might rank with those portraits of family groups, the household of More by Holbein, and the Setons in the possession of Lord Somerville. A family is a little nation (did not the Romans use *gens* for both?), with a certain unity of character and action, and may be instructively contemplated as such. To be sure, the task of writing such a history is a very difficult one. The historian must not only have taken his degree in the Herald's College, but he must have a range of mind which elevates him above too exclusive a regard for the traditions of that respectable institution.

Accordingly, it cannot be denied that good family histories are rare. The old ones—Godscroft's *Douglases* and the *Memoir of the Somervilles*—are the best;—of the modern ones, *'The Lives of the Lindsays'*;—but, in private circulation or in great libraries, some exist, especially *'The Record of the House of Gournay'*, well worthy the attention of the curious. Lord Kildare has now joined the family historians—Humes, Somervilles, Lindsays, Gurneys—and published a book on his race, which he originally intended only for private circulation. At all events, he does not want a theme, for he is the heir of the Fitz Gerald.

There are several ways of setting about a family history. If you "go in" for splendour, you may celebrate your ancestors at the expense of the whole estate they have left you, and (like Chatterton) perish in your pride. You may exhaust public records and private charters, engrave churches, abbeys, castles, brasses, and portraits, and decorate your genealogical tree with ornaments, as Xenophon hung bracelets on a plane. Mr. Drummond began in this style with his *'Noble British Families'*,—and having traced himself from Attila, stopped short in the costly work. Lord Kildare is more moderate, too moderate. His book is but a modest octavo, without illustrations, and has been compiled rather than composed. He strings together notices of his ancestors from, in most cases, common authorities, and neither attempts a philosophical nor a pictorial treatment of his subject. It is because we have all heard so much of the Fitz Gerald that we are likely to be disappointed with this work,—and his Lordship must console himself with reflecting that it is the very renown of his line which is fatal to the renown of his performance.

How is it that so many of the great Norman-Irish and Norman-Scotch families have survived the Norman-English ones? The fact stares us in the face. Here are Fitz Gerald and De Burgh, Butler and Courcy,—but where are Bigod and Bohun, Warren and De Vere? Here are, on the other hand, Lindsay and Ramsay, Hay and Fraser,—but where are Montfichet and Umphrville, De Lacy and De Clare? Is it that the Norman mingles more kindly with the Celt than with the Saxon? Or, if it is not an affair of race, is it an affair of politics and development? We are sometimes told that the Wars of the Roses killed the English barons out. But

we do not believe this theory. Killing is no murder in these cases, any more than the shooting season extinguishes birds; and if it were so, there was killing enough in Scotland and Ireland, goodness knows! Henry the Seventh, they tell us, could only find twenty-nine temporal barons to summon in 1485, while the Sixth Henry had summoned fifty-three in 1451. Such facts tell in novels that aim at being historical, and in histories that are written like novels:—but there lies before us a list of fifteen barons who were alive in 1485, though not summoned; and, after allowing for the natural deaths between the dates, we doubt if these Wars extinguished half-a-dozen houses. The explanation must be sought elsewhere, and may form a curious topic of speculation when time and space permit. At present, our business is with the Fitz Gerald.

The Italian origin of this family, before it became Norman, is a familiar idea to all who have heard of the gentle Surrey:—

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;

says the lover of Geraldine. Ancient tradition and other considerations make this probable. But whether it be true or not, Maurice Fitz Gerald was one of the warriors of Strongbow who invaded Ireland with him in the twelfth century. He is represented as the son of Gerald, eldest son of "Walter Fitz Otho," Castellan of Windsor temp. *Will. Cong.* But here Lord Kildare is not in harmony with our latest genealogists, for in *'Nicolas'*, by Courthope, the said Castellan (William Fitz Otho by name) is succeeded as heir by the William de Windsor, whom his Lordship degrades to a third son, nor is Gerald mentioned there at all. Now, we notice this because here was a case for some of that elaborate research which marks the early part of *'The Lives of the Lindsays'*,—and the absence of which shuts out the book before us from a high rank.

Once established in Ireland, Maurice planted his roots deep. He scattered the Celts in battle, obtained lands in Kildare, held the Castle of Wicklow, and built the Castle of Maynooth,—a vehement, prompt, brilliant, and brave man, and worthy to be the founder of a great house. His son Gerald sat in Parliament in 1205.

From these men, the line is complete; and some glimmer of the personal character of each of them is to be seen through the darkness of these early times. They did all the regular feudal work,—fought, and founded abbeys, and rebelled, and made it up again,—and kept a grasp with their mailed hands on the throat of Ireland which she never shook off. This, we suppose, was the destiny of the Norman in Ireland, as his destiny in Scotland was to lead the people in their battles for independence. Both nobilities were behind those of other nations in culture and civilization. Both became identified in a kind of way with races among whom they settled as strangers or conquerors. The Fitz Gerald especially have been petted by the Celtic writers in our own times,—and the motto of this book, by a Norman noble, is taken from a poem by a contributor to the *Nation* newspaper:—

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts
disdained;
Your swords made knights, your banner waved, free was
your bugle call,
By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's
banks to Youghal.
&c. &c. &c.

So sang the late Thomas Davis. The fact is, that, though in a general way, "English to the Irish" and "Irish to the English," these colours melted into each other. Their feuds with De Burgh and Butler were as ferocious as those with O'Connor or O'Reilly. Then Love came

into play. Athenæus tells us, with Greek complacency, that "the Celtic women are the handsomest women of all the barbarians." And it would sometimes happen that an arrow of Cupid's flew across "the Pale," and that some dark-eyed daughter of a native chief won the heart of a lord of the race that had come in as oppressors. These marriages de-Normanized the conquerors; and the line between them and the natives was often hard for a purely English eye to trace. What Englishman would have fought with such a war-cry as "Crom-a-boo"!—the *cri de guerre* of these old Fitz Gerald? It was formally abolished by Act of Parliament in the reign of Henry the Seventh.

The Earldom of Kildare was created by Edward the Second, in 1316, and is, of course, merged now in the Dukedom of Leinster. It is eighty-two years older than the oldest Scotch Earldom, that of Crawford. The curious tradition in explanation of the family's crest and supporters—which are monkeys—is assigned to a still earlier date. But modern heralds are incredulous as to tales in which an ape is made to save a child's life from fire. It is now held that the story originates out of the arms, not the arms out of the story. Such stories are real myths—a word used at present with absurd wideness of signification.

During the Roses, the Earls of Kildare were Yorkist. They took up Lambert Simnel against Henry the Seventh, and were attainted by that Prince. Restored again, however, they flourished as well as before; and the Earl of Kildare of that time was one of the most magnificent of the line. He opened communication with the Gherardini of Florence, the family from whom the Fitz Gerald claim descent. We extract a curious passage from his letter to them, given on the authority of the "Gherardini Papers":—

"Know, then, that my predecessors and ancestors passed from France into England, and having remained there for some time, they, in the year 1140 (1170), arrived in this island of Ireland, and by their swords obtained great possessions, and achieved great feats of arms; and up to the present day have increased and multiplied into many branches and families, inasmuch that I, by the grace of God, possess by hereditary right the earldom, and am Earl of Kildare, holding diverse castles and manors, and by the liberality of our Most Serene Lord the King of England, I am now his Deputy in the whole of Ireland, during the pleasure of His Majesty, an honour frequently obtained heretofore by my father and my predecessors. There is also a relation of ours in these parts called the Earl of Desmond, under whose Lordship there are 100 miles, in length, of country. Our house has increased beyond measure, in a multitude of barons, knights, and noble persons, holding many possessions, and having under their command many persons. We are most desirous to know the deeds of our ancestors, so that if you have in your possession any history, we request you to communicate it to us. We wish to know the origin of our house, and their numbers, and the names of your ancestors; whether there are any of them settled in France, and who of our family inhabit the Roman territory. I also wish to know the transactions of the present time, for it gives me great joy always to hear news of our house. If there is anything that we can procure for you through our labour and industry, or anything that you have not got, such as hawks, falcons, horses, or dogs for the chase, I beg you will inform me of it, as I shall, in every possible way, endeavour to obey your wishes. God be with you, and do you love us in return. From our Castle of Castledermot, 27th day of May, 1507.—GERALD, Chief in Ireland of the Family of the Geraldines, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of the Most Serene King of England, in Ireland."

Some coins about that time have shields containing the FitzGerald salire on them, alongside the royal arms.

In Henry the Eighth's reign the family were again in rebellion, and Thomas, the Tenth Earl, was executed with five of his uncles in 1537. A rigid hunt was commenced after the young chief, his heir,—and the way in which the country stuck to him was wonderful. Robert Cowley (an ancestor, we believe, of the Duke of Wellington) wrote thus to Henry's man, Cromwell:—

"I ensure your Lordship that this English Pale, except the townes, and very few of the possessioners, bee soo effectonat to the Geraldynes, that for kynrede, maryage, fostering, and adhering as followers, they coveite more to see a Geraldyn to reigne and triumphe, then to see God come emonges theym; and yf they might see this yong Gerotes baner displayed, if they should lose half their substance, they wold rejoyse more at the same, then otherwise to gayne great goodes."

Young Gerald, "in a saffron-coloured shirt, like one of the natives," got away in a boat to St. Malo, in Brittany, where he was hospitably received by Chateaubriand, the Governor. After a wandering life on the Continent till the death of Henry, he was restored by Edward the Sixth. He accompanied "the O'Neill" to Elizabeth's Court, where that savage chief much amused the courtiers with his guard of bare-headed galloglasses, armed with axes, and with long curls falling over their yellow shirts.

The Earls were now much connected with English families, and most of them Protestants. In the Irish rebellion of 1641, one of their castles was plundered. They cut little figure in the Civil War, though they suffered in it. They were sequestered as Protestants under James the Second; and we soon find them, after one confusion and another, selling portions of their ancient lands. The Limerick estates went in 1711. During the Revolution, and consequent Irish war, their chief had held Dublin for William, and they became stout Whigs. James, the twentieth Earl, offered to raise a regiment for Government in 1745. This was the Peer who was created Viscount Leinster in 1747, and Duke of Leinster in 1766.

Lord Kildare closes his book with the death of "Lord Edward." The book will be welcome to those who take a special interest in family history, and is certainly what may be called "worth reading" on the whole. But had it been twice as long, and enriched far more than it is with private family papers, and executed with labour and care and an eye to the historic and poetic significance of the story of such a race,—in that case we should, no doubt, have had to welcome it as a permanent addition to the literature of the country.

Legends and Lyrics: a Book of Verses. By Adelaide Anne Procter. (Bell & Daldy.)

GRACES do not always go by inheritance. When they are inherited, however, they acquire thereby something of added grace—a little peril also. A new Kemble, a new Garcia, do not stand where those do, who, as the Irish lady put it, "make their own ancestry." We are tender with them for the sake of their names; but we are fastidious for them, being aware of their responsibility.—This book does not come before the public as it would have done had it not been by the daughter of Barry Cornwall. Its author is sure of cordial wishes,—but therewith must prepare to abide more than ordinary scrutiny.

Seldom, however, do we meet a collection of fugitive poems so pleasantly fulfilling friendly desire—and so able to bear the brunt of criticism as this. There is reality in it.—It is

full of a thoughtful seriousness, a grave tenderness, a fancy temperate, but not frigid, which will recommend themselves to every one who has a touch of the artist in his composition. The manner (and this is much to say) is not borrowed. Without any startling originality, it is Miss Procter's own;—and not her father's—not Wordsworth's—not the Laureate's—not referable to the Brownings. The mixture of modesty and certainty—the equable balance of thought and form are welcome to us in these days of incomplete handiwork; when for the sake of a happy inspiration or catching burden we are used to see sense dragged into chaos and to hear music "jangled, out of tune and harsh."

Here—to offer a specimen without further preamble—is a lyric, the earnestness (not without misgiving) of which gives it a place of its own among love poems:—

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Colour and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all lighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the Past,
That holds thy spirit yet;
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole:
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot feel?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou,—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus: but thou, O surely,
Thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate:—
Whatever on my heart may fall,—remember, I would risk it all.

The following, in another humour, is very sweet:—

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth!

O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!

Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

We could cite twenty lyrics as musical as the last. 'A Tomb in Ghent,' one of the longest of the legends, gives proof that besides lyrical metres Miss Procter can manage that which has been found a difficulty by many skilled versifiers,—the heroic measure. We take the following picture of a child in a church with a view to the flow of the verse as well as to the feeling of the picture:—

Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
That crept along the marble floor below,
Passing, as life does, with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb,
Then, leaving it again to shade and gloom,
And creeping on, to show, distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint:
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare,
That told of patient toil and reverent care;
Ivy that trembled on the spray, and ears
Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush spears,
And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow
In summer, where the silver rivers flow;
And demon-heads grotesque, that seemed to glare
In impotent wrath on all the beauty there:
Then the gold rays up pillared shaft would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven, at evening time.
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around, only the windows glowed
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlements at night.
Then all was shade, the silver lamps that gleamed,
Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seemed
Like sparks of fire in the dim aisles to shine,
Or trembling stars before each separate shrine.
Grown half afraid, the child would leave them there,
And come out, blinded by the noisy glare
That burst upon him from the busy square.

Those who appreciate such niceties will admit that the delicacy, yet variety of cadence, in the above passage is not a common gift in these days—especially among poetesses.—The following is dainty as well as dreamy. Not merely in its tune, but in its manner too, it reminds us of some of the minor poems of Heine, in Heine's good period:—

All yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun;
And the dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bees, or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning,
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendour of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the grey shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To the place where my spinning lay,
There was nothing but glistening dewdrops
Remained of my dream to-day.

The last extract we afford ourselves has a dirge-like beauty of another kind.—

HUSH!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."

"It is only the reapers singing—
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,

"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass.
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Hush lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!

What has been shown will satisfy the reader that this is no make-believe book. It entitles Miss Procter to a place of her own among those who sing out of the fullness of a thoughtful heart, and not merely because they have the restless brain and glib tongue of the mocking-bird.

Fishes and Fishing. Artificial Breeding of Fish, Anatomy of their Senses, their Loves, Passions, and Intellects. With Illustrative Facts. By W. Wright, Esq. (Newby.)

ALTHOUGH the title-page of this volume has reference only to Halieutics, the contents take something of the form of an autobiography,—in which Fishes and Fishing are prominent features. In both respects the book will be found amusing and instructive. The memory of the author goes back to above fourscore years ago—when Lord North was minister, the Bourbons seemed tolerably easy on their throne, Napoleon Bonaparte was playing with boyish toys, Queen Charlotte held Sunday drawing-rooms, and Archbishops "received" on Sabbath evenings. To the Queen last named Mr. Wright was Surgeon-Aurist.

To a venerable yet lively writer we may pardon any lack of chronological order in the detail of his remembrances and experiences. He was born "at a very distant period from the present time," in the old mansion that had once been Sir John Spielman's, the famous builder of the paper-mill at Dartford, who was knighted by James the First, and not by Queen Elizabeth, as is commonly reported. Of his parentage Mr. Wright thus speaks, with a venerable simplicity:—

"How I became the inmate of this antiquated mansion, I know not; but I was, as I found after a little time, as knowledge began to dawn upon me, born in it, and was the only son of a gentleman and his wife, who were the much-respected inhabitants of this large building, and the only persons enjoying it, and the luxuries of its prolific gardens; but how I acquired that title is a mystery beyond the finite comprehension of human beings; we find ourselves in that relationship to certain individuals, but when or how we came into existence, we are in a state of complete ignorance."

Among the first things which caught the delighted eye of this once juvenile philosopher was a stream with living trout,—and from that day to this he has been an enthusiastic lover of fish and fishing in all their varieties. On these subjects we will briefly remark, that the brethren of the rod will find Mr. Wright's book a very useful pocket-companion, for it not only gives valuable instruction to anglers, but it touches on the literature of angling from Opian downwards,—and is altogether a chatty book, a little prolix now and then, but not more so than may be borne from a gentleman of the author's age, who has much to tell, and may claim his own way of telling it.

From fishing experiences and lectures we will ourselves, however, turn aside to the general details and reminiscences of the author's life. Our first citation we make the more readily, as it gives a curious picture of social matters within the memory of living man, shows that our fathers were as ill governed under the head of taxation as their sons,—and because the

passage also refers to the history of the Sans Pareil, now Adelphi Theatre, which Mr. Webster is on the point of demolishing:—

"My mother's brother had married a female belonging to a family respectable in their position, but inferior in habits, occupation, and manners to my father and mother, whose station and education were of a superior order. My aunt's brother, whom my father did not know, and who was a journeyman cabinet-maker, made an arrangement with a fellow-workman, presuming on the very slight relationship, to start from London on a Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, and walk down to my father's to breakfast, where they arrived so dusty, travel-stained, and differently apparelled to those persons usually visiting at our house, that my father was obliged to lend them clean linen, &c. He was so vexed at the occurrence, that he wrote to my aunt next day, saying he had no objection to receive her relatives as occasional visitors, but requested they would come so conveyed and attired as not to injure his respectability amongst his neighbours, workmen, and servants. The result was a total cessation of all intercourse between the families during about seven years. Strange indeed are the mutations of this life, and an illustration may not be improperly introduced. My aunt's brother, who could at that time merely read and write English tolerably well, became under usher to a clergyman, who kept a school at or near Cambridge, and had married into my aunt's family. From that station this cabinet-maker, by diligence, came to be head usher of the clergyman's school; and at that time, when 'literate persons' were freely ordained, he entered the church, subsequently married a person with a little property, became incumbent of one, if not two benefices in the county and diocese of Lincoln, and died respected by his parishioners. His fellow workman married the widow of a person who kept a colour shop. This second husband invented an article for the embellishment of a portion of ladies' persons, which became so fashionable that he acquired a good fortune by its most extensive sale; though now, says the vagaries of fashion, that any lady wearing blue silk stockings, would be considered as having a very extraordinary taste in dress. He was fortunate in the invention and sale of other articles, of colours, magic lanterns, &c., and through industry and integrity he became wealthy, highly esteemed as a tradesman, and by observation acquired a perfect knowledge of the world. We became intimately acquainted, and I regarded him as a friend. Near his residence were several old houses, whose inhabitants paid no rent to any one, and whose only title was possession, the property being said to belong to a young lad then at sea. This property he obtained for a mere trifle, pulled down the old houses, and built a small theatre (which he named the Sans Pareil) upon the site, where he exhibited a variety of most ingenious diversions, and at last obtained a licence for theatrical performances. A few years previous to this period, some Excise officers lodged informations against the owners of most of the theatres, for not stamping their scenery, and paying a duty of threepence halfpenny per yard. * * Just as an offer was made (partly in my presence, and I advised it to be accepted) to purchase this theatre (now the Adelphi) as it stood, for 25,000*l.*, some Excise officers, tempted by the prospect of a share of the very heavy penalties, obtained powers from the Commissioners to seize and leave a man in possession of the scenery in every theatre, panorama, and wherever a piece of unstamped painted canvas could be detected. Consternation most extreme was caused amongst theatrical and other persons concerned. Attornies and eminent counsel were consulted, reference was made to East's Reports of the former proceedings, the legal gentlemen shook their heads, and offered no hope; the only thing they could advise was to petition the Board of Excise, which was done, praying that they would accept of bonds with sufficiently responsible sureties, for the value of the scenery, and the duties, that if on trial the scenery should be declared forfeited, the whole amount should be paid. To which the Board replied, 'That the scenery must be measured, the duty paid imme-

diately, a bond given for the value of the scenery; but should the result of the proposed trial be even in favour of the theatres, no return of the duty must be expected; and until the scenery was measured, and the duty paid, the men must remain in possession of every theatre, &c., &c. And all old and useless scenery must also be stamped and paid for, or removed to the Excise Office and destroyed.' These were the *generous* (?) terms proposed by the Commissioners, as appears by a letter from the attorney of Mr. John Astley, now before me. * * Desirous of serving Mr. John Astley, my friend, Mr. Scott, the proprietor of the Sans Pareil, and the other parties whom I considered harshly treated, and thinking I could read and understand an Act of Parliament, I sought, and with some difficulty found and purchased, the Act 10th of Anne, cap. 19, when reading it over most carefully, almost word by word, I discovered that the statute only applied to painted canvas, &c., which was FOR SALE, and as scenery was NOT FOR SALE, it was evident that, in defiance of the dictum of Judges, the opinions of counsel, attornies, or the determination of the Board of Excise and its officers, I could extricate my friends and all concerned from their difficulties; and though I felt I had the power in my hands to do so, I induced Mr. Astley and Mr. Scott, with myself, to go in Mr. Astley's carriage to the Excise office, and seek an interview with the Commissioners, without saying why I wished it; which if that conference had been granted, I intended to have given them, the Commissioners, the opportunity of *graciously* recalling their *tyrannous* decision, by showing them the section of the Act. But no! the solicitor, earwigged by the interested Excise officers, treated us as if we were paupers, and induced the Commissioners to refuse us an interview; which so irritated me, that I said to my friends, 'Come away, let us go and apply to these gentlemen's masters.' Mr. Astley and my friend were much vexed at what they considered was hasty impetuosity of temper on my part, which they said would ruin the cause; but when we were again in the carriage, I showed them the section of the Act, which astonished and delighted them. I proposed drawing up a memorial referring to this section, for presentation to the Lords of the Treasury; which I did, and sent it to Mr. Astley, after I had shown it to my friend Scott. I went to Mr. Astley that evening, 17th Sept., 1819, who had a person there to make a fair copy, which was signed by him, my friend, and parties belonging to the two Theatres Royal, presented to the Lords of the Treasury, who immediately ordered the men in possession to withdraw, and gave directions that the Board of Excise should pay for any damage or loss such seizure had occasioned. Thus, through me, were all the theatres relieved, probably for ever, from this annoyance, and the poor fishermen upon the coast, who were often mulcted by some Excise officer for painting their old sails as floorcloths for their little rooms, may do so now without danger. Yet I never demanded or received any reward whatsoever, nor even accepted the price which the old Act of Parliament cost me; certainly I and my family were free of Astley's and my friends' theatres whilst in the hands of the then proprietors."

The daughter of Mr. Scott was in every sense of the word the *prima donna assoluta* of the old "Sans Pareil." We can remember her the idol and wonder of London play-going boys. Miss Scott played everything,—nothing came amiss to her,—tragedy or comedy, breeches parts or petticoats, broad-sword combats, songs between the acts, and though we do not remember seeing her on the tight rope or the slack wire, we have not the slightest doubt of her ability to distinguish herself upon either foundation. The present generation can but faintly conceive what a night at the Sans Pareil was in the days of the indefatigable, cheery, sparkling, boys' heart-crushing Miss Scott. The melo-dramas then were marvellous things. There was rigid rule with delightful confusion. Every scene of woe was followed by a compensating scene of fun. The hearts that were ready to break at the

first, burst at the second; and when the piece was over, the patient was in a thoroughly disorganized condition, upon which he was fortunately not allowed to dwell. Had he known, at the end of 'The Old Oak Chest,' into what peril the two hours' emotions of that exciting mystery and mirthfulness had put his life, he would have gone home, called his family around him, and taken a dignified leave of existence. Instead of this, the management looked after and preserved a whole houseful of such patients. The curtain was scarce down upon the tremendous climax of the melo-drama, than it rose again (before the audience could add much ill to its critical state of health by eating unripe fruit and cold pork pies) to a "*pas-seul*," which acted like a soothing draught. Then ensued a sentimental song by a gentleman in regimentals, who always flung his cocked-hat down on the stage, took a pleasant turn or two while the symphony was playing, and then sang from behind his double row of firmly set teeth. By the time this was *encored*, for everything was so visited in those days—we have never, however, reached the enthusiasm of the Viennese who, when the 'Matrimonio Segreto' was first played, *encored* the entire opera, and had it "over again"!—the audience was out of immediate danger, and able and willing not only to hear Mr. Huckel sing, in character, "Such a beauty I did grow, did grow!" but to make him repeat it three times, "with variations!" That was the grand idea, and the "*encore* verses" were hailed with more enthusiasm than if they had been seven times seven more wise sayings from seven times seven new "wise men of Greece." Nor was this all:—after a decent time for refreshment,—more green fruit, more cold pie unostentatiously provided from little basins in dirty handkerchiefs,—there came another melo-drama, in which Miss Scott broke her heart again, and set loose floods of distress, which were swept up by stupendously ringletted sailors with triple hornpipes, sea ditties, triumphant fights with banditti in gigantic belts and buckles, and stem and stern courtships with stage damsels, the whole accompanied by emphatic "*dammies*" and broad jokes always addressed to the enlightened audience, who received them with rapture. After a repetition of the *inter-medes*, singing and dancing, imitations of celebrated performers, and trampoline exercises, came a third melo-drama of horrors and comic impossibilities, with Miss Scott battling through all, till the curtain descended, and the spectators departed slowly and solemnly, neither wiser nor better men.

We must not be led further away by these theatrical reminiscences. We will open Mr. Wright's book once more to show him escaping from Calais when, by a proceeding which is almost as foul a blot on the name of Napoleon the Great as his murder of the Duke d'Enghien, or his pensioning the man who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, the English residents in France, in as yet a time of peace, were all declared prisoners of war, under the polite term of "*détenus*."

"At length the General, having no further occasion for me, informed me I must also go up the country, to the same place as the rest; I therefore made up my mind to escape, but how to accomplish this desirable object was the difficulty. A variety of plans were discussed by me with the other prisoners; but I found they did not possess the necessary cold determination to ensure success, and therefore I resolved to attempt my own emancipation in my own way. Accordingly, I laid myself on a mattress, and marked upon that, with a red pencil, the exact size into which I could compress myself; I then went, with a brother Freemason, to dealers in furniture, boxes, &c., and found an old

trunk, with two locks, the exact size I required; this I purchased, and only awaited the arrival of a neutral vessel, which was expected to convey a number of females, children, and Englishmen, who passed as subjects of neutral States, and had corresponding passports. Curiously, whilst we were dealing for the trunk that I bought, we were shown one in which some person, for whose capture a great price had been offered, escaped from England. In about a week or ten days, the Danish brig the St. Anna, Hans Hussén, master, arrived, in ballast, and was to sail for Dover on the 10th of July, 1803. I therefore threw a few things into the trunk, together with a large bag, passed the trunk at the Custom House, and, dressed as a sailor, I placed it very carefully, along with other luggage, in the cabin. My friend went on board, and just before the mustering of the crew by the Deputy Commissary of Police, attended by a guard and the Town Sergeants; the minute examination by the Custom House officers having taken place, my friend, after I had tumbled everything into the bag, and stripped off my jacket, locked me up in the trunk. I had not calculated the expansion of the human body by heat, and he was obliged to place his whole weight on the lid to force it down; he gave the key to an Englishman who had a neutral passport, another brother Mason. There being but very little wind, and the tide running to the eastward three hours after high water, the skipper cast anchor in Calais Roads. I had been three hours and a half thus compressed, I suffered dreadfully from cramp, but dared not breathe too hard. My friend on board, who had the key, fearing I should be suffocated, let me out; I washed, dressed myself, and came upon deck. There was another Englishman, who had been brought off by a Frenchman in a sailing boat, which proved the total ruin of the latter, and he was obliged to fly over to England. Thankful to the great Supreme Being who had listened to my supplications, and assisted me so far, and entertaining the opinion that were I taken, my life would not be very safe if I were in the power of the Commandant, I induced the passengers to believe that the vessel would speedily, by the efflux of the tide, be aground; and as several on board knew I was well acquainted with that part of the coast, and all were most anxious to get under weigh for their native land, we made a determined attack on the skipper by gesticulations, for we did not know Danish, or he English, and very little French; I seized an axe, and made signs I would cut away the cable, when he allowed his men to weigh anchor, and trim the sails, and to our great joy got under weigh for Dover, where we safely arrived. As we departed from the French coast, we saw an English man-of-war brig attacking three or four gun-boats, which had crept out of Boulogne, and endeavoured to get into Calais; and another of our cruisers, of the same class, spreading every stitch of canvas, bearing down to assist in the destruction of these craft. I made our skipper hoist Danish colours, as I was fearful the man-of-war brig, as she neared us, might cause some delay by overhauling us. We had to land at Dover in boats, and the boatmen, many of whom knew me, expressed so much pleasure, not for me personally, but as a principle, that one had escaped from the unjust imprisonment, more particularly in such an extraordinary manner, that they almost disputed who should carry me ashore."

We have cited enough to show that there is amusement enough for general readers in this little volume; and we conclude with repeating our intimation, that anglers will find it worth their while to profit by the experience of the old Surgeon-Aurist to Queen Charlotte.

Intellectual Education, and its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Women. By Emily Shirreff. (Parker & Son.)

We recommend this excellent book, not only for its wise counsel on the education of women, but for the element of genial good sense, which pervades it like sunshine, and which will be likely

to exercise a ripening and maturing influence, even if the somewhat elaborate course of reading and study which it marks out be not adopted. It is the spirit in which a work is done, and not the details of that work, which gives it value, or leaves it worthless. Miss Shirreff has a clear idea of what she means; and she says it with quiet precision, in well-chosen words, and in as few of them as possible. In education, as in medicine, the more simply the patient can be treated, the better he is likely to fare. Miss Shirreff treats women as, before all things, rational beings, with souls of their own to be saved. There is no special pleading for equality and emancipation, nor yet for the Soodra-like subordination of the female sex. She knows that Nature may be trusted to adjust her own balance in such matters. She makes one suggestion, which marks significantly enough the change that has gradually been taking place in the prospects and condition of the women in this country. She suggests that girls should be educated, not as though marriage were "their being's end and aim," but as though marriage were to be the exception, and a single life the rule.

This idea judiciously worked upon would, though at the cost of some sentimental illusions, have the effect of making women more strong and true,—enable them to lead their own lives and do their duty, whatever it may be, in the state of life in which they are placed. It would put an end to that "eye service as men pleasers," which has hitherto so spoiled and falsified the motives on which women have been brought up. There is no cause for fear that women will ever become a race of hard-hearted Amazons. "Nature has provided against it," as Mr. Weller says in more classic idiom,—but women's love and women's esteem will be a higher prize when they are able to lead a life of useful and contented singleness, instead of, as now, being educated to look to marriage as the only settlement.

The course of reading and study marked out is somewhat extensive,—but women, whose education as regards book-learning is, by courtesy, supposed to be finished, may find there suggestions which they might follow with advantage.

We quote one passage to show the spirit and style in which the book is written:—

"That important part of education which relates to the cultivation of imagination belongs also, in great measure, to studies connected with that of language. I have spoken above of scientific truths and speculations as appealing strongly to the imagination; but literature, and especially the higher forms of poetry, tend directly to cultivate and refine it. There is a strange distrust in many minds of this faculty, which in its higher manifestation is the loftiest power of the human mind; and which, even when not gifted with the creative energy that makes it sublime, is at least the source of some of the most ennobling pleasures we are capable of feeling on earth. Its excesses, its perverting power, seem to be dwelt on more frequently than its elevating tendencies, and it is overlooked that those very excesses are the result of natural power misdirected and unchastened. It is probably this kind of dread which has caused the culture of the imagination to be, as I remarked before, overlooked in ordinary systems of education. But cultivation, while it calls forth and strengthens a naturally feeble faculty, refines, exalts, and directs the strong one, which if left to itself follows a wayward course, and produces the very evil we feared. The antagonistic power to imagination is the understanding; but it would be a strange delusion to expect that because the former was neglected the latter would acquire strength. The feebleness we daily see in unimaginative persons is a sufficient proof of this. On the other hand, let the reasoning power be carefully trained—let a due sobriety of

mind be habitually maintained by serious pursuits and duties, and the power of imagination need cause no alarm. It is strange that the moral effects of want of imagination should be so constantly overlooked. The coldness, the want of tact, the want of sympathy of the unimaginative make them as unlovable as they are uninteresting, and peculiarly unfit them for holding a position of moral influence, such as that which belongs to women. Nor does it follow that they are free from the faults that are generally ascribed to a different tone of mind, from subjection to feeling, for instance, rather than to judgment, or from love of excitement. With regard to the latter, the desire for it may be all the stronger in proportion to the slowness of the mind in feeling it; and when the intellect is least susceptible of it there is the greater fear of its taking a more dangerous direction. Of this we may be certain, that imagination is a better safeguard against frivolity than either dullness or apathy, which leave the mind exposed to *ennui*. The unimaginative are not necessarily studious or reflective, but they are probably wanting in speculative faculty, and therefore not likely to think much or deeply unless upon some actual business they are engaged in, while for amusement they are likely to read novels which a taste for fine poetry would have rendered tiresome or offensive. We may neglect this precious faculty, and in those who are naturally gifted with it, it will become wild and wayward, while the material interests of life will probably remain all in all to others. But it would be well for us to remember that all which gives a spiritual charm to the daily intercourse of life, all that gives generosity to benevolence, and a soul to love, and heroism to self-sacrifice, all that makes the earnest religious mind live for the future and the unseen, and triumph over the power of the senses, all that makes the human heart glow with rapture, and thought soar through countless worlds to the throne of the Almighty, is due to imagination. The purifier, the consoler, the liberator amid the trammels, the sufferings, and the evil of our actual existence."

We had marked other passages as we read, —but, on the whole, we prefer to recommend the book itself to such of our readers as take an interest in the subject.

Memoirs and Journal of John George Wille, Engraver to the King.—(*Mémoires, &c.*) Published from the Manuscripts and Autographs of the Imperial Library, by George Duplessis; with a Preface by Edmond Jules de Goncourt. (Paris, Renouard.)

We have for some years past been satisfied that the history of Art in France—whether it be Architecture, Painting, or Music—may at no distant period receive an amount of attention different from any awarded to it by the Grays, Walpoles, and Forsyths, whose sympathies were confined to Italy,—or by a later school of Germanized connoisseurs, seduced to imagine that truth is proved by the mysticism with which it is indicated, and beauty by the sincerity of form in which it is expressed.—If ours be no fancy, it is satisfactory to know that materials for historical examination and biographical research will not be wanting when the time shall come.—Whatever be our allies as critics, they do not fail as collectors or keepers of memoirs. Their publications of late years have been valuable and interesting. Let us instance the 'Unpublished Memoirs on the Lives and the Works of the Members of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, published from the Memoirs preserved in the Imperial School of Fine Arts, * * * under the auspices of the Minister of the Interior,' (Dumoulin, 1854). These contain a body of matter new to English readers, and, however generally dry in form, they are interesting as fact. In collections of this kind we touch the good result of Academical formalities,

eulogies, and records. Some of the items, too, contained in the volumes referred to have the raciness of autobiography:—being notices furnished by Academicians themselves. Thus much in allusion to the store of official data, which any future writer examining French Art will have to consult.—There is no want, again, of that picturesque sort of literature which a *dilettante* produces when he is intent on a favourite subject,—supposing him a M. Delécluze, whose monograph on David was the other day brought before our readers, or a M. de Conches, who has addicted himself to the life, triumphs, and sorrowful death of Leopold Robert by way of subject.—To come to our point from another side, the history of Art in France has rarely been enriched by a more pleasing contribution than the Engraver's journal with which we have to deal to-day. There are persons, we know, who find all diaries prosy; who prefer to study a character in quintessence; who are satisfied provided they are made acquainted with the masterstrokes and important moments of a man's life,—persons who find small pleasure in Evelyn, or Pepys, or Burney, or Barbier.—Readers and thinkers of less hasty temperament, whose sympathies lead them to enjoy humour and to work out detail, will thank us, we think, for directing them to the life and journals of John George Wille,—recently laid before the public by the intervention of M. de Goncourt.

No one that writes the history of French Art can overlook, as one of its main characteristics, the eclecticism of its products,—or rather the absorbing power possessed by the spirit of our neighbours' country. The importance of the contributions of strangers to the philosophy, *belles lettres*, and imaginative creations of France, is only less remarkable than the distinct, self-consistent seal or impression which seems as a necessity stamped upon every one working from France as a centre, and working for France as an arena. Whether we have to deal with a Rousseau or a Lulli—with a De Staël or a Spontini—with a Heine or a Meyerbeer—it seems to us a matter distinctly to be felt, that whether the workers were Swiss, or Italians, or Germans (examples from our own unbending and antagonistic England could be also cited), France has fused into her own mould a larger amount of genius from different countries and of different tempers than any other country.—Many a German and Flemish painter has passed through Italy—to name but one, Rogier van der Weyde—but none has made himself Italian in the same degree as the artists referred to have made themselves French. The fact, we know, is one which excites disdain, antipathy, and protest, both from natives and naturalized foreigners. But, let it be ever so unwelcome, it is none the less susceptible of proof, and therefore as such is a fact worthy of closer and more generous European consideration than it has yet obtained.

John George Wille, with whose life we have here to do, was no Parisian, nor even a Frenchman from Flanders.—He belonged to the pleasant Lahn district of Germany. He was born in the Bieberthal, near Königsberg, on the 5th of November, 1715, the eldest son of a small proprietor.—From his infancy,—we are told in the fragment written by himself after he was eighty years old,—he delighted in scrawling on the floor with white chalk. When he was sent to school against his will, and there compelled to learn Latin, he was known for making pictures in his school-books, and for drawing an old castle close to Königsberg, which had been shattered by the Swedes in the Thirty-Years' War.—The gardener of the Capuchin Monastery at Wetzlar, a man skilful in grafting

plum-trees and growing cabbages, was in the habit of visiting Father Wille's house, in the round of his begging excursions. The Friar traded with the boy, and in return for six great sheets of Augsburg coloured prints carried home a spoil of smoked sausages, a pot of salted butter, and "a dozen of eggs laid within the year,"—and invited the little draughtsman to visit his monastery.—There John George first saw pictures,—first heard the names of Cranach and Dürer, and was shown the meaning of heraldic blazonry on the windows.—So deeply did these things sink into the boy's mind, that a year afterwards he obtained permission to make the mighty journey of six leagues in company of some workmen to Marburg, in order that he might see the far-famed Church of St. Elizabeth there. The sight of its effigies and curiosities seems to have finished the work of unsettlement,—since the next thing told, is that out of the clay from the edge of the Bieber brook, the boy Wille began to mould grotesque masks, which were clapped before the doors of his father's bee-hives; and that great was his pleasure to see the bees issuing from the mouths of the monsters, till the winter rain washed them to pieces. Afterwards came long evenings; and the boy having prevailed on his father to give him drawing materials, set himself to illustrate the Bible. The old man seems to have been judicious; merely to have warned the boy against unsteadiness in pursuit—a warning not uncalled for. After awhile little Wille began to be tired of illustrating the book of Genesis and the legend of the Fair Melusina: accordingly, he took a horticultural fit,—chose to have a herbal, and to imitate the Capuchin at Wetzlar in grafting trees.—He betook himself, next, to turn leaves and roots to account,—boiled and bottled mixtures, which he thought might be useful as specifics;—showed, in short, those varieties of whim, and that manual restlessness which denote the temperament of a creative artist. With persons possessing these qualities, it is small use to enforce persevering labour, or to preach profound study: it is only by ceaseless *doing*, by experiment after experiment, that such thoughts as are born within them take form and find full expression. To the end of Wille's days, that appetite for novelty, which to less mercurial persons seems childish, never failed the old man.—The boy was sent, in pursuance of his education, to school; but he lodged with an uncle who was an inspector of mills, and so must needs endeavour to make hydraulic machines.—afterwards a clock, "on the principle of the one at the church at Königsberg, which," says he, "I had carefully examined." And thus our patriarch goes on, with a garrulous, but not unpleasant minuteness, to tell how his father sought about for some training which might fix this talent of quicksilver. At length, to the boy's delight, he was placed in the household of a painter at Gladebach, one Kuhn. This man (like the majority of people commemorated by Wille in this sunny book) was a genial, obliging fellow;—not a severe master,—but one liberal in his conditions, cordial in his hospitality,—having only one fault, that of requiring more brandy than was good for him. For a time, everything went well. John George was not over-taught, neither over-worked, save by his own superfluous activity. When lessons were over, he went out shooting, or into the mountain among the miners—capital fellows! "Almost all of them," says he, "were at that time musicians, playing on very old instruments, which they had inherited from their parents,"—when their work failed them, dancing, singing, extemporizing plays in taverns—and drinking.—A breach of the peace and a brawl, on one of these occasions, gave

Wille the subject of "a drawing on a large sheet of Dutch paper," which was talked about, and sold for an *écu*. We are sorry to add, that this money went in secret ministration to Kuhn's propensity; since when Kuhn's old mother, with whom they lived, stinted Wille's master of his liquor, the boy stepped in with his *écu*. Such aid, however, could not last; and after a period of misunderstanding, the restless boy wrote home, to say that his position had become uncomfortable, and begged to be sent for back.

While I was waiting my father's answer [Wille continues] I was present at the opening of a new shaft near M. Kuhn's house, made by the miners to get into the Kirchberg. I took up the flat, whitish stones which they flung out, and saw that they would be easy enough to cut. One of them I got hold of, and carved on it a man's foot in relief, as exactly as I could. Then, to hide the marks of my tool, I scrubbed my handiwork with sand, and laid it down, as if by chance, among other stones on the roadside, anxiously hoping that it might be found. It was found, and taken on the spot to M. Kuhn's house at the moment when many of the King's officers were there, who, admiring this pretended freak of nature, resolved to offer it to the Prince as a real curiosity worthy of all attention. As for me, I took good care not to tell who had made it.

The busy creature did not give himself or others much rest on his return home. There he found no proper companions. His drawings were admired—but not appreciated,—save one, the copy of a copy of "a bust of *Louis Quatorze*," in a large black wig, the curls of which called forth some discriminating remarks from "an old invalid," who in his time, had been an idle apprentice to a wig-maker at Wetzlar. The result was discouraging enough. What was worse, game was protected "in those parts," and Wille, forbidden to amuse himself by shooting, by way of compensation, poached for fish in the river, by "aid of a little apparatus which he had made." His taste for handicraftsmanship next led him, by way of pastime, to beg bits of amalgam at the foundries in the neighbourhood, out of which he wrought little utensils, curious bells, and such like toys. From these the artist's instinct led the ingenious fellow to try his hand on engravers' tools. He managed to complete a *burin*, which cut tin capitally—and next, having obtained a treasure, in the shape of a rotten old copper boiler, flattened out some of the best bits from its side, and, with an improved tool, set to work.

The results of this experiment decided the boy's fortunes. He presently got himself placed with a gunsmith at Giessen, and so distinguished himself there by his cleverness in ornamental engraving on metal, that he was spirited away from his first master to the Court of Hanau Usingen,—making himself popular, he recounts, everywhere. Each new success naturally fed the youth's ambition. He began to find the Lahn-land too narrow for him, and to long for the variety of foreign travel. How, by slow degrees, short stages, and strange adventures, he made his way to Paris is told by himself in the cheerful, talkative style of an old man who loves to recall the days of a strong body, a light heart, an empty purse, and a prodigious appetite,—days filled with the impressions which strange scenes print on a mind ready for the *graver*.—As a simple tale of by-gone times and habits, told with some humour and intelligence, this part of Wille's biography would bear detaching, as a leaf for "the Apprentice's Library." We can only, however, recommend its pleasantness to those having time and space at command.

In the same humour, Wille commemorates the difficulties which he found in fixing himself

in the French capital. Those had been lessened, before they began, by an incident which could only befall one of a temper as sociable as it was affectionate.—On his way across the country, the youngster had picked up a young Berlin engraver, Schmidt, who was also bound for the French metropolis. The two at once became faithful comrades; and in the compact Wille was the gainer. His new friend, though like himself of a jovial humour, was prudent, and early began to throw in those good counsels which the very young never mind at the time of giving, but may chance to remember with profit later. Schmidt presently began "to get on," as the phrase is; his companion made way more slowly, and wrote home, to ask for money, a letter somewhat in the tone of the "Prodigal Son." To this, Wille the elder, in judicious but affectionate answer, replied that, since the youth had repaired to Paris to please himself, and without the consent and knowledge of his parents, it was only just that he should rely on his own resources. Wille the younger had fortunately in his valise a dozen of silver coins, which he had brought from Germany, as "the most attractive curiosities" which he possessed:—and by parting with these to a Jew, he gained time; made calls on several artists (with and without introductions)—and made such a favourable impression on M. de Largillière that the latter volunteered the loan of a 'St. Jerome' to copy; and said handsome things to the copyist when his labour was done. But this approval brought Wille no immediate gain. Winter was coming on, and the youth's twelve pieces of silver had almost utterly melted away. It was necessary for him to postpone high Art, and to take up the mechanic's tools; and, accordingly, for a while, Wille worked for the gunsmiths, doing delicate engraving for them,—preferring for employer (which is characteristic) one M. Bletterie;—because he lived opposite the *Comédie Française*, and hence the workman could make acquaintance with the actors, who gave him free admissions to the play. After a time, however, he tired of his work, and took the fancy of becoming a watchmaker, because, says he, "he honestly believed that a watchmaker himself began and entirely completed a watch, ornaments and all." Passing by the *Abbaye Saint-Germain*, and seeing the name of "De Lièvre, Watchmaker," on a door, Wille presented himself, was engaged on the spot, and set to work the same day. It was lucky that he had only to "turn little pieces of steel, scarcely thicker than horsehair,"—otherwise his total unacquaintance with watchmaking might have betrayed him. As matters stood, he was puzzled by M. de Lièvre's nephew, who was perpetually asking him the name of this or the other tool, or wheel or pinion, in German. This Wille parried after the fashion of *Vivian Grey*, by improvising and inventing words which the Frenchman wrote down in good faith.—He soon became tired of his monotonous occupation and masquerading, and left the workshop; his employers believing that he was on the point of departing for England.

Wille's "wild oats," however, were by this time, nearly sown. After leaving M. de Lièvre, he managed to make an engraving of a pretended portrait, to get it printed,—and by introduction of an impression of the plate, to enter into connexion with one Odieuvre, a printseller on the *Quai d'École*, who worked his people hard and paid them little. The printseller gave Wille a wearisome series of medal-portraits of the Kings of France to execute at twenty francs a plate. When the young artist brought home his first proofs, Odieuvre—

put them in a portfolio, and said, "I am not altogether dissatisfied with your work; and I will

make you completely satisfied with me, for I shall pay you, and show you that I encourage artists." As he spoke he opened a drawer; and, not finding there money enough to make up the sum wanted, he called to his wife, an old woman deaf and bent double, who was sweeping the kitchen. "My chub (*ma poule*)," cried he again, "hast thou not some money in thine apron pockets?—for I want to pay this young man, who works for the shop."—"Yes, my angel," said she, and laid on the counter all that she had; out of which he paid me,—groaning and saying repeatedly, "Alas! how money goes!"

Our hero had not quite begun to tire of Odieuvre's profiles and groaning payments, when he again fell in with Schmidt. The comrade had by this time advanced far on the highway to prosperity, and proposed to Wille a room in the house where he lodged; and not merely did this, but helped the engraver to work, which presently made him independent of Odieuvre. Best of all, Schmidt made a man of his comrade, by an introduction, which we will let Wille describe for himself. As Schmidt was just then engraving the portrait of M. le Comte d'Evreux, after a portrait by M. Rigaud,—

I begged my friend [continues Wille] to present me to this famous painter, by whom he was esteemed, and to whom I wished to pay my respects. Schmidt consented willingly, and took me to the house of M. Rigaud, who received us politely, and to whom, somewhat rashly, I presented on the spot my two engravings, begging his indulgence for them; begging, also, that he would tell me sincerely what he found necessary to be corrected in my work. This man, as respectable by his talent as by age, considered them carefully for a length of time, and at last said, "Sir, you deserve well to be encouraged."

Rigaud went on to say that he would endeavour to obtain permission for Wille to engrave the portrait of M. le Duc de Belleisle, which he was on the point of completing, and bade the youth come again in eight days. When these had elapsed,—

I did not fail [continues Wille] punctually to wait on my patron, who, so soon as he saw me, cried like one who himself is satisfied, "I have the permission of M. le Duc to hand the picture over to you; therefore you can take it away whenever you please." I thanked the excellent man for the pains he had taken to serve me, and was about to clutch the picture and carry it off—"Softly," said he then, "eagerness is a good thing, but sometimes a little patience is a good thing too. Here comes my man with the coffee; we will take it together if you like." I was well aware that this familiarity ought not to dazzle me, for M. Rigaud bore the reputation of being haughty, even to severity,—yet I was convinced of the contrary; for during our breakfast he was thoroughly affable, spoke to me of his youth, of the efforts which he had made to become something better than an ordinary painter,—how he had attached himself to nature and studied it without interruption,—in a word, how he had loved his Art with passion. What was more, he invited me to come and see him often, and by that he should see if I set any value on his friendship. He further added, "I see your enthusiasm for talent—go on, you will go far, for you are young; but you are at a distance from your own country, and your parents are there. I will stand in the place of a father to you here, I promise you; only conduct yourself well." Could my heart be insensible to such a promise? The excellent man kept his word; and I shall never forget what he has done for me.

This interview was the turning-point—that golden moment of opportunity which some hold (and, perhaps, without extravagant superstition) is granted to every man of talent once in his life, placing his future in the hands of his own conduct and diligence. Rigaud's condescension, however, spurred Wille to work; and from this time forward nothing seems to have interrupted the young man's determination to distinguish himself as a draughtsman and en-

graver, and few further vicissitudes to have arrested the current of his success. He was somewhat too festive and prodigal in his tastes, it is true, for one who has to make his way in the world; and Schmidt the sagacious shook his head to see his comrade beginning to collect medals and indulging in a gold-laced hat, a flowered silver vest of Lyons silk, and a silver hilt to his sword.—Every step forward, too, made by Wille was signalized by a supper or banquet of some kind; but he added to his friends, returned into the good graces of his home-folk, raised his prices, improved in his work, and the last pages of this autobiographical fragment—which breaks off in 1743, fifteen years before the diary begins, during which interval, in 1747, Wille married—commemorate the munificence and courtesy of M. le Duc de Belleisle, on the completion of the engraving after the redoubtable portrait by Rigand.

The above is but a meagre sketch of the first hundred pages of this cheerful book.—On the diary which fills the remaining portion of these two pursy volumes we cannot for the moment enter. A journal showing greater simplicity of heart and shrewdness of vision (always looking through a sunny glass),—more wholesome domestic affections, a blither sense of enjoyment, hardly exists, at least among the diaries of artists. Nor can we conceive a life pleasanter than the one led by this open-handed, honourable, good-natured man in the city of Paris,—a life of labour in Art, and of conversation with all that was most distinguished,—of honours from strange lands,—of country excursions,—of delightful home festivals, at which hearty laughter was not wanted (an old family friend and pupil, M. Baader, playing the part of *Momus*). But the sun, be it ever so long in the sky, and ever so warm on the earth, must wane and disappear as evening draws on. The close of the life of this cheerful, strong man and great artist, did not bear out its meridian and afternoon prosperity. Wille survived his wife, and others of his family, many of his friends, the jovial and merry Baader among the number.—His fortunes fell with the Revolution. It was needful for him to leave the house which had been the scene of so much cheerful labour and kindly conviviality. He left little wealth behind him. Nevertheless the last note in his handwriting, like the first, shows that elastic spirit which only Death could break. He recounts how, in 1758—

Louis the Fifteenth gave him letters of naturalization, and made him enter (as his engraver) the then Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture. That hindered him from accepting considerable pensions from Dresden and Vienna, to which cities he was invited to form pupils. Instead of this he formed excellent ones in France. A widower for many years, he has lived like a philosopher, fulfilling with pleasure as well as he could the duties of a good French patriot.

We are satisfied that no lover of Art, nor reader who, for the sake of character artlessly displayed, can bear with prolixity, will be disappointed should he take up these charming volumes on our recommendation.

History of the First Battalion Coldstream Guards during the Eastern Campaign, from February 1854 to June 1856. By John Wyatt, Battalion Surgeon. (Straker.)

THE famous first battalion of the Coldstreams had been thirty-six years at home when they went out, 954 strong, to engage the Russians. The whole number which served during this campaign of 2 years and 126 days, was, with reinforcements, 2,133, and the conical monu-

ment erected to the glory of the fallen bears this inscription:—"In memory of twelve officers and six hundred and ninety-nine men of the first battalion Coldstream Guards, who lost their lives during the war." Three officers—including the author of this volume—and 269 men served throughout the entire campaign. It is a melancholy circumstance in the history, that of the deaths more than 500 were from disease, 85 having been killed in action, and 59 having died of their wounds. Mr. Wyatt's careful monograph is almost entirely devoted to a medical record running parallel with the movements of the battalion from the date of its embarkation at Southampton to that of its return; and although some readers might be disappointed who had anticipated a soldier's burning narrative, telling how the Coldstreams vindicated the motto they wear, *Nulli Secundus*, this elaborate report, for it is little more, is impressive from its mere minuteness and simplicity. We infer how the Coldstreams must have stood to their arms from the rent in their ranks at the Alma, and from the far more bloody gap opened by the Russian rifle and bayonet at Inkermann. They went into action at seven in the morning on the 5th of November, about 450 strong, 80 were killed, and more than that number wounded.—

"Both officers and men complained bitterly of the cruel treatment they had received at the hands of the enemy, while lying on the ground in a helpless condition. The chief peculiarity in the state of the wounded after the battle of Inkermann, was, that all the more severe cases, without a single exception, presented a state of great physical exhaustion, and the patients were quite unable, on first arriving from the field, to undergo the additional shock of any operation. This was so far fortunate, as they did not suffer from the temporary delay in the erection of tents for their subsequent shelter. The operating table consisted of a portion of a door, placed across two empty casks, procured from the Commissariat. Chloroform, with two exceptions, was employed in every case."

307 men and 11 officers of this splendid battalion alone remained in the field, much depressed by the murderous havoc which had been made among their comrades. Next, they suffered from the fearful hurricane of the 14th, which blew their tents into shreds; but this was a trifle in comparison with the bitter agonies of the winter, with frost, pestilence, and battle cutting off their daily victims.—

"On the 24th February, at noon, the relic of the Coldstream Guards left the plateau for Balaklava to recruit their strength, but not their spirits; there were fewer than 100 men of all ranks. For some time previously it had become quite manifest, that if the men continued to live under the same circumstances, it was but a question of time how long the Battalion would exist, except on paper."

The general results to which Mr. Wyatt, the battalion surgeon, arrives, are thus stated:—

"Without ignoring the admitted fact that a certain amount of hardship, privation, and disease, must, as a matter of necessity, attend a state of war in an enemy's country; yet the circumstances under which the brigade of Guards, in common with the rest of the army, was placed during the winter of 1854-5, were such as of themselves directly to induce a great accession of disease; and although the men did not suffer from an absence of food, yet it was for a long period unvaried in its saline nature, and if not rejected entirely as unpalatable, was, with the green coffee, often partaken of in a raw or partially cooked state; consequently, the men were insufficiently nourished; and this, combined with the absence of proper clothing and shelter, and aided by the uninterrupted succession of harassing duties during inclement weather, reduced their powers of resistance, and rendered them readily susceptible of the exciting causes of disease. The symptoms attending the prevailing diseases in the Crimea were all

more or less characterized by exhaustion of the vital powers: the system was depressed, and all re-action slowly and imperfectly performed; the constitution being once impaired, retained the morbid taint for a long time, and could not eliminate it. The prevailing types of disease plainly indicated, and as urgently called for, a generous and stimulating plan of treatment; but during the second winter passed in the Crimea the general character of disease was entirely changed, and more sthenic action was constantly observed; still, however, the system of the men would not bear with impunity any extensive or long-continued general depressing measures. The means of ventilation, already very defective, were rendered still more nugatory by the men themselves, who were imbued with the common prejudice of soldiers in that respect."

The shattered battalion, now once more quartered at home, still suffers from the effects of that tremendous trial, and many of the men are now quite incapable of efforts which, before they sailed for the East, in 1854, they could make with complete impunity. The constitution of the force, so to speak, has been weakened. The army is indebted to Mr. Wyatt for his elaborate and conscientious construction of this report, although it is of a cold and special tenor. Another monograph is wanting, to tell in a spirit that shall warm the blood the story of the Coldstreams in the Crimea.

Brighton, Past and Present: a Handbook for Visitors and Residents. By Mrs. Merrifield. (Whittaker & Co.)

BRIGHTON is to London what a pleasant little poem is to an epic; a cabinet to a gallery picture; an anecdote to a history. Its own history, indeed, is complete. It is one of those places that has had its day. Its glories belong to the past. Its rise, progress, decline and fall is a subject open to any writer,—and, as far as this island is concerned, an author might have a worse theme whereon to bestow his talent or his tediousness.

It began with a long name and a few people; it has subsided into a short name and a mob. The honest fishermen of Brighthelmston paid dues to the lord of the manor, Earl Godwin, who appears to have been a large owner of coast property. Like Dogberry, however, that very great man "suffered losses," and when the Saxons generally were served with summary processes of ejectment, William the Conqueror must have given considerable satisfaction to that ordinarily not easily-satisfied person, his son-in-law, De Warenne.

Under the De Warennes, a colony of Dutch or Flemish fishermen settled here. Their place of residence was a poor village under the cliff, the site of which now lies beneath the sea. Under the last Earl de Warenne (1313) the locality was of dignity enough to be allowed to have a weekly market, and yet, more than four centuries later, so little had Brighthelmston increased, that we find De Foe describing it as "a poor fishing town, old built, and on the very edge of the sea, which is very unkind to this town, and by its continual encroachments has so gained upon it, that in a little time more the inhabitants might reasonably expect that it will eat up the old town, above 100 houses having been drowned within a few years past." Some of this old town lies from 13 to 20 feet below the surface of the beach. Above it has arisen a sort of marine London, with more than fifty thousand inhabitants, and a shifting population of thirty thousand visitors.

If Brighton has had its foes, it has also had its benefactors. Were there common gratitude in the housekeepers there, they would, long ere this, have had a statue erected to their great

patron, Dr. Richard Russell, who, a century and a half ago, first brought thither all the "glandular" patients whom he could persuade to try himself and the sea-air as united specifics. Let us take away the very breath of those who pay golden guineas for dingy weekly accommodation, by informing them that our great-grandfathers and grandmothers could procure "two parlours, two bedchambers, pantry," and a significant "&c.," for "6s. per week,"—but then they could not get down to Brighton at less than four times the expense and tenfold the outlay of time which it costs their great-grandchildren.

There were not queerer sights in those days than may be remembered in our own. Among the earliest and most worthless of princes was the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George the Third. Mrs. Merrifield describes him rather equivocally as residing at Russell House, with Mrs. Luttrell. She should have remembered that Miss Luttrell, the daughter of Lord Carhampton, after she became the widow of Mr. Horton, married the Duke of Cumberland, of whom Mrs. Merrifield says:—"there are those now living who recollect seeing the prince in his hunting costume, with his hat tied on his head with a coloured handkerchief, secured under the chin, to prevent its being blown away."

From the period of the patronage conferred on Brighton by the Duke down to the days of George the Fourth, or even to those of Victoria, there is ample matter for the making of a very pleasant book on this locality. As far as *name* goes, the grand era of Brighton was that of "the best wigg'd prince in Christendom," who certainly held here a court, the *chronique scandaleuse* of which will be a wonderful work when it appears. Mrs. Merrifield has profited but scantily by the opportunities offered her. This 'Brighton, Past and Present,' a title which promises so much, does not rise above the common Guide Books, except in one point,—when she details a few illustrative anecdotes which have not hitherto been printed. As samples of these, the following will suffice:—

"At that time, and for many years afterwards, the Prince, so far from secluding himself within the precincts of the Pavilion, joined, with his gay companions, the public promenade on the Steine, and though the crowd of fashionables was sometimes so great as to exclude him from the view of all except those who immediately surrounded him, he might always be traced by the odour of attar of roses, which invariably followed him. The Prince was in the habit of attending the theatre every Saturday, and the balls at the Castle inn every Monday. On one of these occasions there were but thirteen persons present when the Prince entered, 'We are but a small party to-night,' said he, 'but that is no reason why we should not be a merry one.' So 'the first gentleman in Europe' danced with every lady present, and then retired."

Here is a trait of one who was never a gentleman, and who, like Northampton, was one of the swearing Chancellors:—

"When he was leaving London for Brighton, he told his valet to be sure to bring his favourite walking-stick. On reaching Brighton, the valet confessed he had forgotten it.—'Then,' said Lord Thurlow, 'you must walk back to London immediately, mind (looking fiercely at the poor valet) I say walk back, and bring me my stick, and be here again in twenty-four hours, or you are no longer my servant.'"

Here is an "oddy"—

"This sketch of Brighton in the time of George the Fourth would be incomplete without some notice of old Mrs. Lawes and her lap-dogs. This old lady, who was never seen abroad without her pets, which even accompanied her to the Chapel Royal, was quite a fortune to the street boys, who soon found out how to take advantage of the old

lady's affection for her four-footed friends. One of the urchins would steal a dog, and when its loss was discovered, another boy used to come forward and relate how he saw a certain boy run away with the dog, that he knew where the rogue lived, and would bring back the dog. His offer was, of course, accepted, and the boy was rewarded so handsomely that the theft was sure to be frequently repeated. The lessees of the Chapel Royal are empowered to collect a shilling from every person attending divine service in the chapel; Mrs. Lawes one day entered without paying, and having quietly arranged her four-footed companions around her, began her devotions, when the collector went up to her, and said 'Stop, Madam, you must pay a shilling first.'

Of this mild nature are the original anecdotes introduced into a volume which, merely as an ordinary Guide Book, with some suspicious *puffing* in it, may be used by a stranger who wants the former and is influenced by the latter.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

Miscellaneous Poems. By the Rev. John Mitford. (J. R. Smith.)—The honourable relation which Mr. Mitford holds to poetry and letters is known to every student of Milton and Gray. Familiar with the early sources of harmony, a lover of Greek ballads and idylls, an analyst of the exquisite art of Virgil, and a critic of the less studied, though more picturesque, writers of the Augustan age,—it is not strange that, wandering amid Italian shadows and listening to the waves moaning upon "the shores of old romance," he has caught some of the tones which breathe through 'Comus' and 'Lycidas,' that he reflects in his verse like hues to those which sanctify the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard'; yet it is rather the simplicity and purity than mere refinement or lyric grace which draw us to this little volume,—the beauty of form and the choiceness of language which inurn "flower-soft" thoughts and household images. The earlier poems, to use the author's modest and touching words, "are like a handful of violets scattered over a little village *grave*, less bright in colour and less delicate in fragrance than those which rise upon the village green,"—a posy not indeed unmeet to lay in the hand of a gentle Fidele, yet after the 'In Memoriam,' as it appears to us, neither of such wide nor universal interest as to warrant publication. Sorrow makes all men partial, poets most of all; and we are not disposed to be severe upon Mr. Mitford for having yielded to a poetic infirmity. In his sonnets and iambics and lyrics the poet is himself again, recalling in them the rivers he has looked upon—bright or shy or shadowy—dreamy Meuse, coy Moselle, swift Rhone, yellow Tiber, sunny Arno, castled Rhine, or silver-lighted Thames. Nature is fragrant in his verse. As accident or choice leads him, he notes the wild, solitary flower "silently dropping its seeds" on old walls, the sun and rain and summer dews "unchaining each granite link." Here the purple foxglove, with its silken bells dependent over some dripping rock, there a band of vagrant bees, "the flock without a shepherd," as he delights to remember a Greek poet called them; he climbs the turret-stair of Hever Castle to look at Anne Boleyn's bed of curtained silk and tapestried couch, and communes with the Muses under Burnham beeches or in Chalgrove field,—along the Lin enjoying the river light from Richmond Hill, looking down on Michael Angelo's house, or watching the sun burnish the Titian in what, alas! is now "Memory Hall." Of Mr. Mitford's delicacy and purity of style we have spoken; as an example of both, we subjoin a poem which in its music and "the marriage of sweet words" is worthy of Fletcher or Andrew Marvel:—

Let the hart his thicket keep,
The moon her dew of silver weep,
In his cage the small bird sing,
Softest airs the Summer bring;
When the bloom is on the tree,
Gentle Love, then come to me,
Alas, my heart! for Love is dead,
Or away to Heaven is fled,
Or by yonder little heap
Lies, where I must sit and weep,

From the morning dawn to eve
Bids he thrush the berries leave,
And the welcome hour of rest
Sends the cushat to her nest.

Where shall my sorrow comfort gain?
None answer: only one—'Complain.'
He said, "not in extremest pain
Or anguish, nor thy weakness speak;
The treasure gone, there thou must seek."
He knew me well, who thus could urge
My trial to the extremest verge
Of will. Then said he, "She did stand
Shielding thee ever with her hand;
Being gone, why tarry in the land?"

All the ground is wet with dew
Of tears I've rain'd the Summer through;
And see—already there is set,
Where the flowers and tears be met,
A wood of purple violet.

The gentle land-winds, how they blow
From orchard-blossoms tufts of snow,
Scattering o'er my loved one's bed
Their little pall of flowers! I said—
"Meet emblems were they of the dead."

Nor less the ev'ning dirge I hear
Of those small fountains warbling near,
With their soft and silver feet
Tripping by in music sweet,
While each low murmur seems to say,
"He weeps for her who could not stay."
Oh! but Love will come no more;

He has fled my cottage door,
Ever since my sweet one died.

He said—"I lov'd her in my pride;
'Twas for myself," he said, "I sigh'd."

So he left me in my woe:
He cares not what may chance below;
But how I loved her best I know.

I built for her a palace bright
Within my heart; and full of light
Her image dwelt there day and night.

It was her love that made my life;
Without her all is inward strife.
Like waters when the winds are rife.

My grief it never can be told;
I've nothing left but books and gold;
My little Helen sleeps in mould.

Yet Mr. Mitford can not only sing elegiac strains, his muse is capable of a higher and more sustained effort. Take the 'Lines written in Turner's "Liber Veritatis," on Rixpah and her sons:—

She sat with face averted from the Dead;
That hooded woman!—dark she sat with woe,
Nor dur'd to gaze upon the sight below:
Yet ever with uplifted arm she shed
Funeral lights on those, who head to head,
And foot alike to foot, in ghastly row
There lay.—Seven goodly sons—all at one blow
Cut off, demolished.—Then, she made her bed
The chambers of the rock; and when by night
Was heard the wolfish howl—the eagle's call,
She turn'd her cowl'd countenance, and all
Fled its unearthly aspect—for the light
Glar'd upon him, the dark Meholathite,
And him, that childless woman bare to Saul.

The remaining poems are full of thought or picture; we particularly like the feeling of the 'Old Manor House.' 'Cupid and Psyche' is instinct with delicious classic sentiment, and the author's taste and regard appear in the translations of 'The Rhodian Swallow-Song,' Meleager's verses 'On the Cicada,' and 'The Crow-Song,' from Athenæus.

The O'Donoghue of the Lakes, and other Poems, by Nicholas J. Gannon, (Bosworth & Harrison), may be described by the term which Emerson applied to Scott's poems, "a rhymed guide-book" to Killarney and other famous spots in the south or the west of Ireland. With much fervour Mr. Gannon points out the best views and the most admired situations—runs over the different plants, flowers, trees, islands—and turns into octo-syllabic verse a beautiful legend from Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's book upon Killarney. The general way in which the author proceeds to make poetry is described in a note to one of the poems:—"I have adhered as faithfully as I could to the description of the locality given by the author, and likewise to the narrative, as I thought it would be far better to do so." Certainly, Mr. Gannon. "At the same time, as verse requires occasional colouring, my amplifications are considerable." The confession is, to say the least, ingenious, and Mr. Gannon's plan—a far from unusual plan—may be called "the art of poetry made easy," or "a recipe for making easy poetry." Mr. Gannon thus takes a party to Killarney at once in *medias res*:—

Of all Killarney's mountain host,
The wood-crowned Glens charms the most.
—Whether we are to understand that Glens charms most strangers, or is simply most charming.

Mr. Gannon fails to express,—purposely, it would seem, for he continues:—

Nor deem it strange, for here the hues
That o'er the rest their light diffuse,
Before the gazer's ravished sight
In rainbow loveliness unite;
And all the traits that deck the rest,
The rounded peak, the heather's crest,
The awful gorge, the deep ravine,
The nodding torrent's dazling sheen,
The steep and towering precipice
Overhanging the profound abyss,
In all their native grace and pride,
Adorn this mountain's rugged side!

—With every desire not to deem strange such mountain traits as the “native grace” of “the awful gorge” or “the native pride of the deep ravine,” we do decidedly object to such a poetic adornment as a “nodding torrent” or “a towering precipice.” Let us be thought too summary with our author, we will ask the reader to—

Turn where Jove his daughter dowers
With constant gifts in snowy showers,
Or onward where the sugar-loaf
Hangs out in air his gloomy roof,
Upon whose sharp ascending peak
The golden eagle whets his beak.

—If the reader has appetite for more, then possibly he may do as Mr. Gannon, in a truly Hibernian spirit, adjures him:—

By all that is holy and prized on the earth,
By the throes of your mothers in giving you birth,
By each strong tie of nature throw scabbards away,
And let your souls gaze for the charms of the fray.

“Why do the heathen rage?” we almost feel inclined to ask as we pass on from Mr. Gannon's flame of revenge, and take up *The Most Holy Book of Psalms, literally rendered into English Verse, according to the Prayer-Book Version*, by Edgar Alfred Bowring. (Parker & Son.) In a line along which so many poets since Milton have failed, it is scarcely a discredit to Mr. Bowring if he advances so nearer to success. His tone is exceedingly diffident. As far as it was possible with the weight of fourteen syllables to arrive at metrical excellence, the author has done so in a manner little inferior to his former merits as a translator. Yet his couplet in the Eighteenth Psalm will not bear comparison with the grandeur into which Sternhold and Hopkins stumbled:—

Upon the blissful cherubim full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds came flying all abroad,

—The greatest success, in our opinion, has been attained in the 107th and 136th Psalms, which are all full of fine and sounding lines, and breathe the spirit of the olden time. Here is a line worthy of George Chapman:—

Great kings he smote remorselessly and mighty kings he slew.

—For its spirit, no less than its ability, this translation is worthy of consideration.

NEW NOVELS.

Doctor Thorne: a Novel. By Anthony Trollope. 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)—Mr. Trollope is strong and indefatigable, and we, as his readers, take his books and are thankful for the robust, vigorous, and amusing novels he bestows upon us. Mr. Trollope has a real sense of fun,—a thing not common in these days. We can promise a hearty laugh to all who undertake ‘Doctor Thorne,’ a laugh that does good to the laugher, not cynical and cruel, but hearty and sympathetic, and there are so few books now-a-days that make us laugh. There is genuine humour in ‘Doctor Thorne,’ not strained or ambitiously displayed, but arising from the natural play of the characters. The characters are real creatures of human nature, flesh and blood, vigorously and broadly drawn, but not caricatured,—they would be likenesses if they were not types. The grand family at De Courcy Castle, with their social motto, “Rank has its drawbacks”—the grand Countess, the goddess and presiding genius of the family—the minor deities, Lady Amelia, Lady Margherita, and Lady Arabella, who had been spared to preside over the Greshams—they are all excellent, and their high mightiness, which somehow always bends to convenience, is a vein of genuine comedy; they are shown bare to the very heart of their small natures—their heartlessness, their meanness, their wordiness are brought into

daylight; it is not done contemptuously, but with a shrewd good-nature that keeps the reader from being pained. It is this genial quality which marks the ripeness of Mr. Trollope's faculties; there is nothing acrid in the flavour of his pleasantry; with the touch of nature which “makes the whole world kin,” he makes us feel that even De Courcy Castle is not cut off from our sympathies—we do not disown the family, and that makes the secret of Mr. Trollope's excellence. Miss Dunstable, the heiress of the “ointment of Lebanon,” is charming, and the letter she writes in reply to the proposal of the Honourable John is delightful,—and the reader feels good naturedly revenged for all the impertinence and small maliciousness of the Castle. Mr. Moffat and his wooing, and the fate that befell him, will not the reader find it all written in the second volume of the chronicle?—and so we shall not say more. Sir Roger Scatcherd, the railway baronet, is a study, and as true to the life as the other characters, but he takes a deeper hold on our sympathies; there is a pathetic, tragic interest about him which moves to a pity deeper than tears. The interest is not worked up in scenes, it pervades the whole history of the man. The death-bed, however, is equal in its way to any of the three death-beds in ‘Clarissa Harlowe.’ Dr. Thorne is the good genius of everybody in the book, and is repaid by being indispensable—whether loved or hated, nobody can do without him. The reader, however, perhaps cares less for him than for some of the other characters. Frank Gresham, the lover of the heroine, might, we are quite willing to believe, have been a fine young fellow,—but to speak candidly, and “not to put too fine a point on it,” we have known heroes much better worth being miserable about. A man worth all the tears he cost would have set about to earn his living earlier,—and if Miss Mary Thorne had seen him with our eyes she would have looked at some one else; but everybody knows that those things go by favour, and not by merit. The fault of ‘Doctor Thorne’ is, that it is too long. The love affairs of Frank and Mary drag,—the difficulties and objections which beset them are said and re-said till they become wearisome. Two volumes would have afforded “ample room and verge enough” to detail, unravel, and defeat all the machinations of the adverse party. Few tales are strong enough to hold out for three volumes without showing symptoms of distress. Nevertheless, ‘Doctor Thorne’ is an excellent novel, and as such we commend it to our readers.

Heckington: a Novel. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—Mrs. Gore is always shrewd and sensible. She knows a great deal of the world, and therefore she always gives a certain reality and verisimilitude to her novels, slight as the plot may be and threadbare as the incidents have become. From sheer force of habit, Mrs. Gore's novels all take a mechanical shape, as though cast in a mould, rather than worked by hand; but there is a workmanlike skill in putting them out of hand, in which so many who write novels in the present day are woefully deficient. She does not confine all the interests of the universe to the fortunes of her characters. She introduces life, and space, and air into her pictures. Sketchily as it pleases her to write, there is a vigour and precision in her touch which give life to her most shadowy characters. Still, ‘Heckington’ is dull and long, for the incidents all, or nearly all, take place off the scene, and are narrated instead of transacted. There is too much talk in it, and the talk is not always amusing. The heroine is charming, and the spirit is more genial than Mrs. Gore generally indulges us with. The sketches of the “officials”—the bold Mr. Frere—Sir James Armistead—and George Marsham, the pamphleteer, the clean, rising, unscrupulous “coming man”—are all admirable, such as only Mrs. Gore can sketch them,—light, like, and spirited. “The old beau whose compliments came out dry as the kernel of a last year's walnut” is excellent. Diamond dust is plentifully sprinkled over the pages in the shape of little epigrams and spirited phrases, but the work leaves little impress on the memory after the book is once closed: no scene, no character, stands out to be recurred to as a type. We have judged

‘Heckington’ by the standard of Mrs. Gore; but, judged by the ordinary run of novels, it will be a valuable prize to readers in search of a clever novel.

The Gilberts and their Guests: a Story of Homely English Life. By Julia Day. 3 vols. (Newby.)—‘The Gilberts and their Guests’ is not a bad novel, but then it is like a great many that have been written before and will be written again. There is an excellent moral intention throughout, but we are inclined to protest against the poetical injustice of the last few pages. Miss Dale, who is superior to all the other women, and who has been so constant in her secret attachment, ought, by all the laws of chivalry, to have had the small reward of marrying the man she had set her heart upon; but she has the consolation of the reader's sympathy, who does not care the least in the world for the very good little girl Mr. Surry comes back to marry. It is true, as things fall out in this world, that if two women care for the same man, the probability is, that he will fall in love with the one whose character is inferior to the other. In real life it is the best women who have unrequited attachments; but in books, especially in novels, it is pleasant to see them made happy in their own way.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

French Finance and Financiers under Louis XV. By James Murray. (Longman & Co.)—A good history of French finance under Louis the Fifteenth might have been a useful book at any time since the inauguration of the new French empire. In financial projects and gigantic bubbles, as in all things else, there are fashions which come and go, and are regarded each time as new things. No one familiar with the eventful period in French financial history, which Mr. Murray's work embraces, can fail to perceive the close resemblance which a great portion of it bears to the age of Cr dit Mobilier and Cr dit Foncier, of taxes upon *valeurs mobili res*, and of loans to enable the State to sell bread below the market price. The fallacies of John Law and his contemporaries are the fallacies of Napoleon the Third and his partisans. To write the history of French finance during the Regency by the light of modern discoveries in the science of money and taxation, would, therefore, be to show why Cr dit Mobilier shares have fallen from 2,000 to 650, and must inevitably fall lower, and to justify the criticisms of sober economists generally on the Imperial policy of finance. Mr. Murray, however, wants the chief qualification for his task. He has no clear understanding of the great principles by which the nostrums of that age of financial quackery should be tested. He is, indeed, like most respectable country gentlemen in these days, aware that a land bank is founded on a delusion; but it would be impossible for a person unacquainted with the subject to gather from his book the real objections to Law's projects. Money, Mr. Murray defines to be the “representative of capital,” and he considers that it should not be “in excess of real capital”—language to which it is impossible to attach any definite idea. Mr. Murray's ideas of capital, indeed, appear to be vague in the last degree. According to him, it was because Law “knew that the natural resources of France were rich and illimitable that he could not endure to see them lying stagnant while there was an easy means of rendering them immediately available. That means was credit.” And among the great principles of Political Economy, the knowledge of which, according to Mr. Murray, raised Law above his contemporaries, was “the grand principle of stirring up every man to strive to better his condition.” This is precisely the language which is popular with the present French Government and its admirers, and has always been fruitful of mischief. Another “great principle” with Mr. Murray is, that not only of refusing to contract new debts, but of “paying old debts,” an opinion in which few financiers would agree with him. For the historical portion of his work Mr. Murray has consulted no authorities but such as may be found on the shelves of most respectable libraries; nor has he sifted these. The ‘Proposals and Reasons for constituting a Council of Trade’ he assumes to have been written by Law for no other reason than

because it was published by a Glasgow bookseller many years after his death, with Law's name upon the title-page. Mr. Banister in his recently published 'Life of Paterson' assigns it to his hero with equal confidence, and on evidence which he considers satisfactory. Mr. Murray's style is tame and level, and abounds in commonplace. Noailles, he tells us, had "a soul so corrupted, that it might be doubted if he had one, and was a certain proof that he himself did not believe in its existence." The same statesman, we are told, "could turn and twist like a serpent, and had all its venom." We have, also, occasionally such reflections as that "man is a being of mixed passions and motives," and that "many a one does what he would willingly leave undone if a different course did not involve a great sacrifice of his selfish interests." Readers who would really inform themselves upon the subject, would do well to study it in the pages of Bailly and Bresson.

History of Modern Rome, from the Taking of Constantinople, 1453, to the Restoration, 1850, of Pope Pius the Ninth. (Longman & Co.)—The compiler of this rapid sketch has been at the pains to consult the standard authorities, and to reduce within a small compass and to a neat form the principal events of modern Roman history. As an appendix to the narrative, we find a broad statement laid down in which some few millions of mankind are concerned. The writer, having summed up remorselessly against the Papal system, points to "by far the most remarkable circumstance relating to modern Rome," the physical decay of the Celtic race in Europe. This decay is most perceptible in Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, and even in Spain and Italy. The civilization of the Negro is impossible, and the Mongolians and American Indians stand in the same category. "They belong to the genus Man, but they are not men. In Europe they are almost always Roman Catholics or Infidels, hardly ever Protestants or Unitarians." The Teutonic race consists of "perfect men." The disappearance of the Negro, the native American, the Celtic and the Mongolian tribes must, in fact, "precede the universal improvement of the human race." There is something very Celtic in all this.

Parallel Lives of Ancient and Modern Heroes: of Epaminondas and Gustavus Adolphus, Philip of Macedon and Frederic the Great. By C. D. Yonge. (Chapman & Hall.)—A close comparative examination of four ancient and modern biographies has enabled Mr. Yonge to construct these parallel lives so as, in reality, to present a series of remarkable analogies. Of course, the rails being laid, the narrative travels in conformity with them; the Theban now bending to the Swede, the Prussian to the Macedonian. We suspect that much advantage is not gained by the student from these curiosities of comparison, there being an almost inevitable tendency on the part of those who discover "parallels," to advance them beyond safe limits. Many points of close resemblance mark the career of Epaminondas and Gustavus Adolphus, and Philip of Macedon and Frederic the Great, and these Mr. Yonge has elaborated with much ingenuity, so as to produce, if not parallels, at least the appearances of them. The objection, however, to the plan of narrated composition adopted in this volume is, that it develops a somewhat artificial view of history; a liability of which Mr. Yonge is evidently conscious, since he is careful to note the contrasts, no less than the analogies, in his biographical outlines. With regard to Philip of Macedon and Frederic the Great, he finds their military achievements identical; their statesmanship, their intellect and accomplishments, their ambition of conquest, and their fondness for war. They were commanders of equal genius. Mr. Yonge thinks, inferior to Hannibal, Marlborough, and the other greatest captains of antiquity or modern times; but they were the first soldiers of their ages and countries, though Philip "never committed such errors as Frederic," over whom he had a great superiority in learning. Mr. Yonge points to other differences between these two kings and conquerors, and similarly discriminates in his parallel between Gustavus and Epaminondas; yet, upon the whole, his book has not a genuine air. It appears as if the

writer laboured under the necessity of preserving a biographical balance.

The Odd Confidant; or, Handsome is that Handsome Does. By "Dot." (Hope.)—"Dot" discourses so simply of first love, undying affection, and broken hearts, that it is evident she lives in the most sublime and poetical regions of romance. Like most young ladies, she thinks life made up of wooing—forgetting what Byron tells us, that "Man has the camp, the field, the grove," even though it be true that "woman has but love." Who could feast for ever on pine-apples or dates? The major part of the characters in this little story live but to love and die, whilst the minor ones "have their exits and their entrances," and, like Bottom, are unable to play their parts. Indeed, the personages are so crowded that they remind us of a box of puppets packed by unskilful hands, and we trust the authoress will pause awhile ere she write the promised sequel,—that she will, at least, wait until she shall have entered the age of reason.

The Beauties of Nature. By Eickerton Augustus Edwards. (Blackwood.)—Mr. Edwards has either been up in the clouds or down in the mines so long, looking for a peg on which to hang a sermon, that he has actually forgotten the beauties of English composition, whilst indulging in a rhapsody on the Beauties of Nature. We know sermons on stones can be made very interesting by qualified preachers; but what shall we say when flowers are the theme, and Mr. Edwards is the instructor? What is a turbid tempest? What is a chaste fragrance? Is it possible that "the stars glitter brighter than pearls," that "the sun is a burning cone"?

My First Voyage. A Book for Youth. By William Stones. Illustrated by E. Roffe. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—In this volume, an imaginary voyager takes a flying glance at the world and all that therein is, including men, ships, fishes, and scraps of poetical quotation. He is, in humour and intention, a sort of Peter Parley, and has a method of didactic gossip which will make the young reader feel that he is in presence of a Mentor. The parts of the globe visited are America and Australasia,—the long intervals of navigation being varied by anecdotes, lectures, convivialities, and pleasant little tales, designed to sweeten the philosophy of common things. Of the illustrations, nothing is to be said, except that Mr. Roffe has not mastered the use of the pencil.

Clara Melville: a Life both Strange and True. (Bath, Binns & Goodwin.)—Lovers of light literature may be amused with a work which deals in a simple rather than a sentimental way with wooings and weddings. Here is merely an illustration of the punishment which surely follows disobedience and self-sufficiency. The heroine wilfully marries a man who is willing to wait for the good the Gods may please in their own good time to send, and she, consequently, has to drudge as daily governess in the families of the singing-mother, the strong-minded mother, the heroic-mother, the Latin-root mother, and the novel-reading mother, for whose respective "treasures" she has to harmonize the voice, draw out the faculties, invent the heroics, extract the roots—not of plants, teeth, or hair, but of words,—and cultivate the sensibilities. The work is written in the autobiographical form.

Coming Home. By the Author of 'A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam.' (Wright & Co.)—The charitable sisterhood who volunteer "advice gratis" will here find an instance of the unavailability of tending it between man and wife. In Ralph Maynard and his little Alice, we have types of manly affection and perseverance with feminine sweetness and content. The sky is fair—no freezing winds come to check the buds of promise—when suddenly appears on the scene an officious, would-be-grand cousin, who, by her contempt for the honest young Doctor, and her sneers at his unassuming partner, succeeds in clouding the domestic horizon, and producing a temporary separation. But "St. Cupid" triumphs—peace is restored in the Dove Cot—and, as they say in fairy tales, the prince and princess live happy ever after.

Emily the Nursemaid; or, with Good Will doing Service. By the Author of 'Stories and Lessons

on the Catechism.' Edited by the Rev. W. Jackson, M.A. (Mozley.)—Huzza! there is hope for Young England!—the philosopher's stone is found at last. That stone, for which so many have lived and died in vain, is discovered in a gem of a girl,—and we advise our brothers and sisters to enrol themselves members of a Society for the Preservation of the Model Nursemaid.

Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations. By Edmund Flagg. Vol. II. (Washington, Wendell.)—This volume is the most technical and special of the series that has hitherto appeared. It contains an extensive series of tables exhibiting comparative statements of the tariffs of all nations in their relation to that of the United States, numbering upwards of forty, including those affecting exportation and importation, wherever such differences were found to exist. The denominations of foreign monies, weights, and measures have been reduced, in all instances, to the federal American standard, each report upon a tariff being preceded by a preface, brief, but explanatory. The same information is afterwards presented under another head, distributed into the groups formed by contiguous countries—one table representing comparatively the customs rates of the nations of Northern Europe,—another those of the southern divisions of the old Continent,—and a third the tariff of Central Europe. The colonies, dependencies, and other possessions of Great Britain supply the materials of four such tabulated groups—the East Indies, the West Indies, North America, and Gibraltar and Malta. A similar principle has been carried out with respect to the import duties levied by twelve of the principal commercial nations; respectively, on thirty-five of the staple products of the United States, to the fluctuations of tariffs during periods of eight years and fifty years, and to the quantity and value of thirty staple products of the United States during the commercial years 1851, 1852, and 1853, marking the necessary distinctions between products of the sea, the soil, the forest, and ordinary manufactures. To the commercial classes of America, and to all persons engaged in transactions with them, this national publication is of obvious utility.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Rock Specimens in the Museum of Practical Geology. By Andrew C. Ramsay. (Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office.)—Museums are of little value to the uninitiated as a means of instruction, unless they are accompanied by descriptive labels and catalogues. Yet these are things very much neglected in our public collections. The desire to exhibit specimens has quite gone a-head of the ability or inclination of curators to name or catalogue them. We must, however, say that this reproach is fast disappearing from our public museums, and in every collection efforts more or less extensive are being made to render them instructive. Under the energetic management of Sir Roderick Murchison, the highly instructive Museum in Jernyn Street is being made available to the public by labels and catalogues. In addition to a general catalogue, special ones are being prepared; and this, by Prof. Ramsay, is intended to illustrate the rock specimens, of which it contains a large collection made during the progress of the Geological Survey.—Whilst on the subject of catalogues of public museums, we would refer to the neglect of the authorities at Marlborough House, or the South Kensington Museum, to publish descriptions of their educational diagrams. The valuable series of anatomical and physiological diagrams are rendered almost useless to those who have not had a previous anatomical education, by the neglect of publishing any description of them.

Some friends of the late Mr. Brimley have gathered his contributions to periodicals into a little volume of *Essays* (Macmillan).—Mr. W. H. Leatham has also gathered from periodicals two amusing volumes of *Tales from English Life* (Hall & Co.).—Three or four works lie on our table which we may at once announce—these are, Lady Bulwer Lytton's *The World and his Wife* (Skeet),—*The Tudors and Stuarts* (Hardwicke),—Mr. Boutell's *Manual of British Archaeology* (Reeve),—and Mr. Laisley's *Popular History of British Birds' Eggs* (Reeve).—From the American press we have before

us *Beatrice Cenci*, translated from the Italian of Signor Guerrazzi by Mrs. W. Sherman.—*The Education of the Human Race* is a translation from the German of Lessing (Smith & Elder).—Among reprints and reproductions we find on our table an interesting report of Mr. Henry Bradbury's lecture on *Printing* recently delivered at the Royal Institution.—Prof. Rankine's *Manual of Applied Sciences* (Griffin & Co.).—Mr. Stevenson's *Canal and River Engineering* (Black).—*Types of Womanhood*, from various magazines (Low & Co.).—and *Tales from "Blackwood"*, Vol. I. (Blackwood & Sons).—Mr. Hugh Miller's *Cruise of the Betsy* (Constable).—and from the same press an abridged and popular *Life of Perthes*, the bookseller.—The editor of 'Notes and Queries' has reprinted from the first series of that periodical a little volume of *Choice Notes on History* (Bell & Daldy).—*The Cotton Dearth*, by Thomas Ballantyne, is from the 'British Quarterly Review.'—The new editions are numerous and interesting, including Mr. Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* (Routledge & Co.).—the Seventh Volume of Lord Macaulay's *History* (Longman & Co.).—*Cleve Hall*,—and *The Experience of Life*, by the Author of 'Amy Herbert' (Longman & Co.).—with a book of French reading under the title *Extraits Choisis*, by the same writer and the same publishers.—Mr. Bentley has given us the series of *Walpole's Correspondence* up to Volume VIII.,—and a new edition of *The Initials*.—Messrs. Routledge have published Dr. S. Thompson's *Wild Flowers*.—Messrs. Brown have re-issued Mr. James Grant's *Arthur Blane*.—Messrs. Bohn have added to their "Historical Library" Mr. Jesse's *Pretenders*, and the first volume of *Peppy's Diary*,—and to his "Illustrated Library" *Krummacher's Parables*.—and Messrs. Houlston & Wright have sent forth *The Indian Pilgrim*, by Mrs. Sherwood,—and "a tenth thousand" of *The Gloaming of Life*, by W. Wallace.—The following works have come to second editions:—Messrs. Abel & Bloxam's *Handbook of Chemistry* (Churchill).—Dr. Wise's *Pathology of the Blood* (Black).—Dr. Rigg's *Manual of the Chaldee Language* (Low).—Mr. Saunders's *Practice of Magistrates' Courts* (Law Times Office).—Mr. Will's *Wanderings in the High Alps* (Bentley).—Mr. Ritchie's *Night Side of London* (Tweedie).—M. De Beauvoisin's *French Reading* (Wilson).—the Rev. R. Hemphill's *God in his Works* (Simpkin).—*Naval Rank*, by Navalists (Hamilton).—M. Henri Mathieu's *La Turquie* (Dentou, Paris).—and M. Renan's *De l'Origine du Langage* (Lévy, Paris).—Nimrod's *The Horse and the Hound* (Black) appears in a third edition, —Mr. McCausland's *Sermons in Stones* (Bentley), in a fourth edition, —Mr. Puseley's *Australia and Tasmania* (Wilson), in a fifth edition, —Lord St. Leonards' *Handy Book on Property Law* (Blackwood & Sons) and Dr. Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (Churchill) are in sixth editions, —M. de Rouillon's *Grammatical Institutes of the French Language* (Allan) in an eleventh edition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bourne's *Lays of Labour's Leisure Hours*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Bunsell's *The Hidden Power*, and edit. 1s. 6s. 5s. cl.
Caird's *Sermons*, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Cassidy's *English and Arabic Dictionary*, Part I. 8vo. 15s. cl.
Children at Home, 5th thousand, 6s. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Christmas's *Preachers and Preaching*, 6s. 8vo. 6d. cl.
Congregational Pulpit (The), Vol. 8, post 8vo. 4s. cl.
Cotton's *Poetical Works*, new edit. with illustrations, 3s. 6d. cl.
Cotton's *Translation of the Gospel in Syriac*, 4to. 12s. cl.
Dew's *Graduated Arithmetic*, 1st Course, post 8vo. 2s. cl.
Foster's *Hindustani Grammar*, and ed. enlarged by Small, 10s. cl.
Foster's *Rambles in the Islands of Cordova and Sardinia*, 10s. cl.
Frederick's *History of England*, Vols. 1 and 2, 2nd edit. revised, 8s. cl.
Galerini's *History of Alexander I. Emperor of Russia*, 10s. 6d. cl.
Gey's *The Broom Friend*, 6s. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Hall's *Keats of Horace*, a Novel, in 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Harris of Chevalier (The), by Gervaise Abbott, 3 vols. 31s. 6d. cl.
Harris on the Culture of Character, cheap edit. 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Harris (Rev. J.), *Memories of*, by Elaine, Vol. 3, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Hogg's *The Vegetable Kingdom and its Products*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Huntford's *Journal in Australia*, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Hunt's *Universal Yacht List for 1858*, 4s. 6d.
Latham's *Table of English Life and Miscellaneous*, 3 vols. 12s. cl.
Lytton's *Germania*, trans. by Catherine Winkworth, 2nd series, 5s. cl.
Miller's *Poacher*, and other Pictures of Country Life, 3s. 6d. cl.
Pardoe's *The Race Selection*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Parlor Lib. 'Power's Cautious Maloney; or, the Lost Hero,' 2s. cl.
Pier's *Manual of Photographic Manipulation*, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Puseley's *Australia and Tasmania*, 5th edit. 8s. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Puseley's *Australia*, 5th edit. 8s. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Puseley's *New Zealand*, 5th edit. 8s. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Radcliffe's *Epistles & other Convulsive Affections*, 2nd ed. 7s. 6d. cl.
Raney Jack, The, by a Blue Jacket, 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Saunders's *Practice of Magistrates' Courts*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 12s. cl.
Stephenson's *Life*, by Smiles, 5th edit. 8vo. 15s. cl.
Taylor's *Treatise on the Law of Evidence*, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 63s. cl.
Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People, new edit. 3s. 6d. cl.
Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*, revised by Leighton, Vol. 13, 14, 15, 6d. cl.
Wood's *Illustrated Natural History*, new edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.

VERNAL.

CHASE the Winter, merry Spring!
Lightly, if you love us,
Let the leafy woodbine swing,
Vault the blue above us!
Nay, already she is here:
Stealthy laughers quiver
Through the ground, the atmosphere,
Wood, and bubbling river.
When the softer south wind blows,
Peeps the green from melting snows;
Their bushy rods the willows gild;
The cawing rooks begin to build,
And watch the farmer dig and sow
In his merry fields below,
Or gravely follow in the furrows
Picking where the plough unburrows;
Pearl-white lambskins frisk and bleat,
Or kneeling tug the kindly teat;
Poet Lark, from stair to stair
Of brilliant cloud and azure air,
Mounts to the morning's top, and sings
Jubilant hymns and anthems,
Hurrying, as though the longer days
Were still too brief for joy and praise
Nor hush'd before the cressets high
Twinkle down from cooler sky.
What beholds he on this earth!
A rising tide of love and mirth.

Welcome, every breeze and show'r;
Sun that courts the blossom;
Every new delicious flow'r
Heap'd in Maia's bosom!

Not a bird is found alone,
Always two together;
Spring inspiring every tone,
Flushing every feather.

Verdure's tufted on the briar
Like crockets of a minster-spire;
The grass is creeping up the hills;
Our lawn has golden daffodils;
Day by day its budding trees
Tassel the walk,—but who are these?
Dorothy, Alicia, Mary,
Over moorlands wide and airy,
Deep in dells of early flow'rs,
They have been abroad for hours;
First wild-roses whose seeks,
There they bring them, in their cheeks.
Tender flow'rets, fairer far
Than primroses and violets are,
May never frost your blooming cheek!
Alicia's hat is on her neck,
She wins the race, her laughter mocks
The cool breeze in her glittering locks;
Her eyes were made for sorrow's cure,
And doubts of Heaven to re-assure.
Veils of fresh and fragrant rain
Sinking over the green plain,
Founts of sunny beams that lie
Scatter'd through the vernal sky,
The million-fold expanding woods,
Are less delightful than her moods.

'Tis not life, to pine and cloy;
Sickness utters treason;
Those are best, who best enjoy
Every good in season.

Glad, with moisten'd eyes,—I learn
April's true caressing:
Children, every month in turn
Bring you three a blessing!

W. ALLINGHAM.

GOOD NEWS FOR HISTORICAL READERS.

A very important reform has been adopted by the Earl of Malmesbury at the State Paper Office, as will be seen by the following correspondence:—

"Essex Villa, St. John's Wood, May 12.

"My Lord,—In the interests of historical study,—for which Her Majesty's Government has begun to exhibit a most paternal care, as witness the publication of the series of Early Chronicles and the Calendars of State Papers,—I beg to ask your Lordship to consider the propriety of making a slight change in the rule which now guards the inspection of papers belonging to the Foreign Department.

"The documents at the State Paper Office are divided into three groups—Domestic, Colonial, and Foreign—which groups are respectively placed under the control of the three Secretaries of State. But different rules apply to them. When the Home

Secretary gives the historical student a permission to read papers in his department, this permission, as interpreted by the rules in force at the State-Paper Office, includes leave to read, to copy or to abstract from the papers indicated in the order. My own order, for instance, allows me to inspect, and to transcribe, in whole or in part, any domestic papers from the death of Elizabeth to the restoration of Charles the Second—being the dates originally fixed in my application. When the Foreign Secretary gives a similar permission, it is interpreted to include a right to read—but not to copy. My own Foreign-Office order—again to point my case by a particular instance—though expressed in similar terms to that which I possess from the Home Office, does not allow me to note from a State paper the colour of Queen Elizabeth's eyes, the number of the Armada guns, or the names of Raleigh's ships. Before I may write down any one of these things from the dust in which it lies hid, I must describe the passage and the paper—apply again at the Foreign Office—give an officer the trouble of going to the State-Paper Office—cause an inspection to be there made of the document—a report to be returned thereupon to the Department—letters to be written to the officials and to myself,—in fact, cause an infinite deal of time to be wasted and trouble to be taken—for what? Merely because such is the office rule. This is a very grievous inconvenience to historical readers; and I feel that it is one which your Lordship has only to consider for a moment in order promptly to remove. I can promise that Literature will appreciate the change.

"I am well aware—for it is not likely that any historical writer could overlook such a fact—that Diplomatic and Political papers must be carefully guarded, so long as they remain Diplomatic and Political. But I submit (and I believe that the Master of the Rolls, as well as every historical writer, will concur in this definition) that the State Papers of the seventeenth century are not now either one or the other. They are simply historical. They belong to truth. They are the Nation's vouchers and testimonials,—and they should be open to all who seek to tell, in whole or in part, the story of their country.

"There would be no difficulty—scarcely any innovation—in the reform now suggested. Supposing that a date were fixed—say, merely for example, the Peace of Westphalia—a line were drawn at that date, and that all Foreign-Office papers bearing date before that event were in future to be treated as Historical papers—those bearing date after it as Political. The change would then simply consist in adopting, at the Foreign Office, with regard to the use by historians of all papers before the date fixed upon, the practice of the Home Office with regard to its papers.

"The Political papers might very properly remain under the guarantee of the present rule—which is a very reasonable rule as applied to them.

"I feel the greater confidence in making this appeal to your Lordship's sympathy with letters from the knowledge that the change which I now ask you to concede to Reason, must in the course of a year or two be made to Routine. The work of preparing Calendars of the State Papers—for which the House of Commons grants a considerable sum—is rapidly advancing from the Domestic towards the Foreign series. When the first Calendar of Foreign Papers is published, the 'rule of the office' will fall by the very act of publication—for it would be obviously too absurd to refuse the historical student his right to read and copy freely papers which the Government itself at a great expense invites him to read and copy.—I have the honour to subscribe myself your Lordship's most obedient servant,
HEPWORTH DIXON."

"To the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury."

"Foreign Office, May 29.

"Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Malmesbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., drawing his Lordship's attention to the great inconvenience occasioned to historians and others by the stringent rules at present existing with reference to the access to the Foreign Corre-

spendence at the State Paper Office, and suggesting that those rules might be modified so far as the earlier Foreign Correspondence was concerned; and I am to acquaint you in reply, that authority will be given to the Master of the Rolls to permit in future any State Papers in his custody belonging to this Department, of a date prior to 1688, to be copied by historians without their being submitted for the approval of the Secretary of State as heretofore.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
E. HAMMOND.

"To Hepworth Dixon, Esq."

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

Edinburgh, May 31st.

THE remarks of Mr. D. Buxton, in the *Athenæum* of the 22nd inst., regarding the Eighth Edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' are of such a nature that we feel obliged to depart from our usual practice of not noticing such attacks, and to request the insertion of this letter in your next issue.

While ever ready to receive and adopt any corrections or improvements that may be suggested to us regarding articles in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' we must emphatically deny the allegations of any one, who, on the faith of having discovered one or two inaccuracies in a single article, publicly asserts the "comparative uselessness" of the new edition of that work. To expect that every one of the many thousands of articles, on all branches of knowledge in the Encyclopædia should be entirely free from mistakes, is to expect an impossibility, and those who know most of the care and labour necessary for bringing out three or four volumes of such a work annually will ever be the most ready to make allowances for them. Instead of the present edition being a mere reprint of the last, it may, with more correctness, be said to be an entirely new work. In proof of this, we may mention that in the last published volume (XV., extending from Milan to Navigation), more than nine-tenths of the whole number of articles are entirely new, or new to the extent of more than one-half of each article, and of these more than one-half, or about 250, are on heads that had no place in the last edition. Of the remaining one-tenth every one has been revised, and all more or less corrected, with the exception of not more than three or four, and these have been retained because nothing new could be added to them, and because they are by men of authority on the different subjects.

Regarding the article 'Deaf and Dumb,' which has been the special object of attack, we have to state that it was contributed to the last edition by Dr. Roget, the well-known author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises, and one not likely to make "the most ludicrous errors of fact." For the present edition, it was revised by a gentleman practically acquainted with the subject, and well able to judge of the article and to make what corrections were necessary. Mr. Buxton asserts that the article "ignores every one of the kindred establishments in Great Britain, except those in Edinburgh," and "very wisely, I think, professes to say nothing (I quote its own words) of those in 'Great Britain and France.'" On the contrary, it gives an account of the Paris Institution, as well as of the London Asylum, the Birmingham Institution, and the Edinburgh School, and adds that similar institutions have been established in various other towns. To expect that every one of these should be specially noticed in such an article is manifestly absurd, especially as when of any great importance they are noticed under the name of the town or county where they exist. That "it speaks of the existence of such institutions in countries where they are utterly unknown" we deny, till we are furnished with one or more instances. "Though," he continues, "we now possess familiar knowledge of several cases of persons deaf, dumb and blind, both in our own and in other countries, the only case which the writer in the Encyclopædia seems to have known anything about, is that of James Mitchell, of whom Dugald Stewart wrote so long ago as 1812." The writer in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' does give another case, one recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1808. We cannot see what object would be served by giving every

such case: Mitchell's is mentioned as being the one best known, and the one that had received the most attention. It is accused of copying "incorrectly from the Census of 1851," on the strength of a slight typographical error. In a table giving the proportion of deaf and dumb to the whole population in various parts of Great Britain, the northern counties of Scotland are said to have 1 in every 1,156; but in the remarks upon the table it is said to be 1 in 156, a mistake so palpable that it could mislead no one, especially with the table before him. The other errors in the article from which Mr. Buxton infers the "comparative uselessness of the eighth edition" are, that "it misquotes the rules of the London Asylum" (i.e., gives the age of admission as nine instead of eight and a half years, and this not quoted but simply stated), and "mis-states the capacity of the Birmingham Institution" (i.e., states it to be 40 instead of 65), neither of which are of material importance to the general reader. ADAM & CHARLES BLACK.

ROMANCE OF A PORTRAIT.

WE have received the following letter:—

"The Warren, Aylburton, Lydney,
Gloucestershire, May 27.

"In the *Athenæum* of the 15th inst. I have just read your 'Romance of a Portrait,' and concluding that you may yet feel an interest in the subject alluded to, I beg to inform you that one of the two portraits of Joseph Addison, in the full wig painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, is now in my possession. It is in good preservation and originally belonged to his daughter, with whom my grandfather, the Rev. W. T. Addison, then rector of Workington, was well acquainted, and received by her as a relative. I think its authenticity could not be disputed. I have likewise one of the engravings you allude to, and have thought it very strange that there should be no resemblance: the reason is now explained. The portrait of his wife, then Countess of Warwick, by Kneller, is also in my possession.—I am, &c. W. T. ADDISON."

The "enthusiastic friend" has addressed to us a public letter on the singular discovery of the spuriousness of the Addison portrait at Holland House, from which we extract the chief paragraphs for the amusement of our readers.—

I was not so enthusiastic in the matter of Addison's portrait as you suppose. I heard the story from Mr. Fountaine two years ago, with some interesting details respecting the connexion of Sir Andrew Fountaine and Swift. Having gone to Narford, at the request of a distinguished literary gentleman, to ask Mr. Fountaine to consent to the publication of his valuable Swift correspondence, he mentioned the story again, and I determined to investigate it. A miniature of Sir Andrew Fountaine was sent to me, and with this miniature the attack on the great "Whig Tradition" of Holland House commenced. The statement in some London papers is incorrect so far, that the fact was not discovered by seeing the picture in Holland House; but as stated in the *Athenæum*, by Mr. Fountaine seeing a proof of an engraving from Leslie's portrait of Addison.

It is true Lord Macaulay is a very great authority on such matters; and it is a very grave thing for an anonymous scribbler to contradict any of his assertions. In fact, I feel as the manager of Drury Lane ought to have felt, when he commenced his speech to the electors of Bridport, by saying, "Me and the Queen have had a difference." In the next edition of his Lordship's 'Essays' he must alter some remarks he makes respecting the Holland House portrait of Addison. He says, "it still hangs in Holland House;" now it does not and never did. He goes on to say, "The features are pleasing, the complexion remarkably fair." This is quite true: Sir Andrew Fountaine was remarkable for the beauty of his complexion. "But in the expression," he says, "we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition, than the force and keenness of his intellect." This is a curious loophole. Lord Macaulay can now turn round on the bewildered "wise men of the west," and say, "Why I always suspected the portrait."

But there is an episode in this case so ludicrous, and yet so ill-natured, that I wish the late Mr. Croker had lived to investigate it.

It appears that Addison's widow erected no monument to his memory, which I am not surprised at, she looking upon him as a scribbler and a bore, a fact not uncommon with the wives of great literary men. Indeed, I have seen the proof of a discovery made but a short time ago, that the widow of the immortal Shakespeare married a man called Richard James, who, it is believed, was a barber. An editor of Shakespeare has made this discovery; but I am bound in fairness to state, that another learned editor, with pious eyes and uplifted hands, protests against so degrading a story.

But to return to Addison—no monument was erected. What was to be done? The "wise men of the west" determined that this scandal should be repaired; they met in 1809, and agreed to erect a monument. One can fancy the enthusiastic meetings, the intelligent sub-committee, all men of taste, the debates as to who was to execute so great a work; and when rival sculptors met at dinner the carving knives were sheathed. At last Sir Richard Westmacott, the friend of Lord Holland, was selected.

After carefully perusing the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that period, I find that the quarrelling about this statue, amongst the critics, while being executed by Sir Richard Westmacott, was quite awful; but when the statue was completed, the storm raged more furiously than ever as to where it was to be placed.

A gentleman, signing himself a "True Englishman," probably a disappointed sculptor, was the chief opponent to the statue being placed in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, where it was proposed to erect it. To this place the "True Englishman" objected on aristocratic grounds; but it was decided against him, and the foundations were actually commenced, when suddenly the "True Englishman" took a new ground; he discovered that, in laying the foundation, they had disturbed the remains of Thomas of Woodstock, son of Edward III. He called on all the antiquaries of England to assist him in putting a stop to such profanation. He was answered by an "Old Westminster," who, not content with prose, bombarded his opponent with such frightful poetry, that it would have annihilated any but the one "True Englishman." However, the antiquaries came to his rescue, and raised the cry of "Sacrilege." Conceited archaeologists—imaginary descendants of Thomas of Woodstock—joined in the fray, and the tempest was at its height. Fancy thirty prize fights for the championship of England going on in a very limited space, and one has a faint idea of the contest that raged over the unconscious bones of Thomas of Woodstock. The cry of sacrilege was successful—the "True Englishman" (now writing under the title of "J. C.") was victorious; and it was agreed that Addison's statue should be erected in Poets' Corner. One would have thought that even the "True Englishman" would have been satisfied at this; not a bit of it—he and the "Old Westminster" went at it again with increased fury. The "True Englishman" protesting against placing it by the side of the statue of Handel, by Roubiliac; the "Old Westminster," of course, took the other side, and the row commenced again. A gentleman, I think of the name of "Plato," tried to throw oil on the troubled waters, and pacified the belligerent critics, but both the combatants turned upon him with such astounding ferocity, that Plato quickly disappeared from the scene, and reasoned no more. At last the question was settled, and with a grand procession (no doubt with a literary duke or marquis leading it, Rogers & Co. bringing up the rear), the statue was placed in Poets' Corner. The "True Englishman," of course, left the scene of combat with an awful sarcasm on Sir Richard Westmacott. He says, "Joseph Addison was a humble man—so was his sculptor!"

And yet, after all these controversies, squabbles,

† It afterwards appeared that the "True Englishman" was a Mr. John Carter; if he had lived, how he would have enjoyed this story.

and jealousies, after all these war-cries of "Sacrilege!" "Bones of our ancestors!" and "Handel!" what had the "wise men of the west" erected? A most unsatisfactory statue, not of Addison, but of "Sir Andrew Fountaine," without his wig. For I have it from the highest authority, that Sir Richard Westmacott executed the monument from the "totally exploded portrait of Addison at Holland House."

If this episode which I relate is true, perhaps some arrangement may be entered into for the substitution of the name of Fountaine for that of Addison.

If it is not true, the case would be still more mysterious than it is; for if Sir R. Westmacott took the statue from another authentic portrait of Addison, Lord Holland and his friends being visitors at the studio to see the progress of the "immortal" work, must, or at least ought to have discovered that their own authentic portrait was a "SHAM."

The surviving subscribers to the monument, naturally the oldest and wisest men in London, will perhaps agree to some amicable compromise. They will not be irritated by the sarcasms of the "True Englishman" who lies quietly in his grave. Peace to his ashes,—he saved those of Thomas of Woodstock.

And why should Sir Andrew Fountaine not be in Westminster Abbey? It would be a proud thing for me, as a Norfolk man, to have discovered this fact. I believe that he is the only countryman there, but I know that there are three Norfolk celebrities figuring in the doubtful chamber of Madame Tussaud's.

Sir Andrew Fountaine was one of the most distinguished men of his time. Born of an ancient family of the county of Norfolk, he entered into the University of Oxford at an early age, where he displayed remarkable talent. He was selected, as the most distinguished scholar of his year, to deliver the Latin oration before our great Protestant deliverer, William III., who was so pleased with him that he knighted him on the spot. He formed part of the brilliant embassy of Lord Macclesfield to the Electress Sophia, in 1701. He there was a conspicuous ornament of the most brilliant circle in Europe.

He became afterwards the constant correspondent of Leibnitz, who frequently consulted him, Sir Andrew Fountaine being one of the most learned Anglo-Saxon scholars in Europe. He published a treatise on Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Danish Coins in Hickeys' 'Thesaurus Septentrionalis.' He was intimate with Pope and Addison, and above all, he was the first real friend Swift ever found during his stormy life—the first man who took him by the hand and treated him like a gentleman, and introduced him to his distinguished friends as an equal.

Sir Andrew accompanied in 1707 the accomplished Thomas Lord Pembroke (who was then Lord Lieutenant) to Ireland, where he found Swift living in comparative obscurity. Sir Andrew introduced him to Lord Pembroke, and they all three became most intimate. They returned together to England in the following year, and Swift then resided with Sir Andrew; and now, for the first time, Swift's talents were appreciated by the great London world. No house ought to contain more interesting correspondence with respect to the life of Swift than that of Narford.

The original pictures of 'The Tale of a Tub' have been at Narford for 150 years; they are supposed to be by Swift's own hand, and to have been sent to Sir Andrew Fountaine to be corrected. Sir Andrew Fountaine, a friend of the Vanhomrigh family, also introduced Swift to the unfortunate Vanessa. With Pope his friendship terminated in a manner that does no honour to the memory of the illustrious poet. The reason of their quarrel was that Pope, like many other wise men, thought to advance his interests by paying court to Lady Suffolk, instead of Queen Caroline. Sir Andrew was indignant at this. After which Pope attacked him in the most malignant manner, accusing him of having collected nothing but the most worthless curiosities. "The well dissembled emerald on his hand" is still in the possession of Mr. Fountaine; and I think Mr. Hancock, of Bond

Street, would pass a very good verdict as to the utter falsehood of the libel. The good-natured Sir Andrew only laughed at his assailant, and Pope's bust is still to be seen in his library at Narford.

He was the trusted friend of Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II., and became her vice-chamberlain; indeed, so highly did Caroline appreciate his great abilities, that she requested him to superintend the education of her favourite son, William.

On the death of Sir I. Newton, he became warden of the Mint, which situation he held till his death, in 1753.

I have it from one of the trustees of the N. P. Gallery, that of course if Lord Holland would have parted with his picture, it would have been purchased; and then the nation would have been put to a useless expense.

A NORFOLK MAN.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

AN author who buys Mr. Bohn's books, Mr. Murray's books or Messrs. Longman's books whenever they suit his taste and his means, wishes to say, in answer to a discontented Correspondent of last week, that, in his opinion, neither author nor publisher is bound in any penalty of character or feeling to "complete" any work. An author or publisher announces—say a History of England, say an edition of Defoe—and if there be any contract here, it clearly is that if the public pleases to buy, the author will write or the publisher issue—not otherwise. The understanding which allows the reader to stop at the second volume, also allows the publisher to stop at the second volume. A contract involves obligations on both sides; if one side is free to consult his interest, so is the other. Is Lord Byron liable in damages of character or money for the fifth canto of 'Childe Harold'? Is Lord Macaulay responsible for not having yet brought down his history to the memory of men still living? If the Diffusion Society carried their 'Biographical Dictionary' no lower than letter A, was not the unpurchasing public in fault? If Kippis left his fragmentary folios on our shelves, was he, poor gentleman, to blame? Certainly not. And if a London publisher in our own day leaves a work incomplete,—it is certainly his misfortune,—it is as certainly not his fault. The public, which does not buy the work, is alone to blame for its non-completion.

The Rev. R. Elwyn has been named Head-Master of the Charter House.

A small band of Sappers and Miners, from the neighbourhood of Palace Yard, have been once again boring away at the Isthmus of Suez—very literally anxious, in this case, to open the flood gates. We grieve to hear these debates renewed; for among governing men there are not—and never can be—two opinions on the subject. Nay, the very men who now talk of philanthropy and civilization were content when in office to think first of English honour and English sway—and they would be so again to-morrow were they again in office. But, even as a fancy, what does this cry of philanthropy and civilization mean? Does Lord John Russell think philanthropy would gain by bringing our Indian empire into peril? Can even Mr. Gladstone see an advantage to civilization in the occasional junction of a French and a Russian squadron in the Red Sea? Will Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Gibson assert that our hardware and cottons would find a readier vent towards the East if Egypt were open at all times to the sudden entrance and occupation of the French? The cry is empty and factious. We confess we grow a little tired of this cry of conciliating the Continent. We never can conciliate the Continent. The Continent has its own course, and we have our course. We cannot deny that there may be politicians at the Palais Royal who say it would be well for "humanity" if the barriers to Calcutta were broken through. People at Algiers tell us how much philanthropy would gain if we were driven from the Rock. Ionians invoke civilization against our hold of Corfu. A sheikh at Aden appealed to the rights of man, the other day, when he poisoned the wells against us. Yankees show us very clearly that commerce would gain by our abandonment of Canada or Jamaica. There

are moments, too, we cannot pretend to doubt, when half the military ruffians in Europe must sincerely believe that the greatest obstacle to civilization in all Europe is—the Channel. Now what the Channel is to England the Desert is to India. Nature has given us these defences. We cannot throw them away until we have lost the virtues of empire. We are English enough to believe that philanthropy will be most served in the end by our being left free to govern and cultivate India in our own way. We are insular enough to doubt if the irruption of European passions, European jealousies, European animosities, into Eastern politics would advance civilization along the vast line in which we are now labouring from Aden to Hong Kong.

American papers record the death (by his own hand) of Mr. H. W. Herbert, a gentleman better known perhaps in England under the ink-name of Frank Forester. He was the writer of a number of novels and stories, such as 'The Brothers,' 'A Tale of the Fronde,' 'Oliver Cromwell,' 'The Roman Traitor,'—and 'Marmaduke Wyvill.' He also wrote a poetical translation of the 'Agamemnon' and 'Prometheus' of Æschylus. He is best known, however, as the author of 'Fish and Fishing in North America' and 'Field Sports of North America.'

It seems, after all, and in spite of his many former refusals, that Prof. Agassiz, of Boston, will be won over for the directorship of the Museum of Natural History of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. It appears to be a favourite wish of the Emperor Napoleon to draw this celebrated scholar, whose personal acquaintance he made in Switzerland, to Paris. Agassiz has been offered a salary of 25,000 francs, and the immediate senatorship, which brings another 30,000 francs; and at last he has consented to come over to Paris for a verbal and personal negotiation.

Some gentlemen connected with the press are endeavouring to organize a society under the title of the Newspaper Press Fund—a name of unpleasant augury—but from what they have hitherto said, there seems no reasonable ground to fear a new Society of Abuse like the one flourishing in Bloomsbury Square. "The present movement," we are told, "originated with the Parliamentary reporters." These gentlemen held a meeting, and named a Committee to draw up rules and report on the general principles to be observed. Their Report is before us—a modest and cautious document—prejudging nothing, but setting forth plainly and truly the difficulties to be encountered and overcome. They "recommend that the rate of subscription be one guinea per annum, and that all reasonable facilities be afforded for the payment of this sum at periods of the year most convenient to members." The Committee "have decided that the office of Assistant-Secretary and Collector shall be held by one person; that he be the only paid officer of the Society; and that he be remunerated by a per-centage upon the receipts. Your Committee have considered it premature, at present, to recommend that offices be taken for the purposes of the Society." There can be no doubt as to the prudence of this self-denial. As to the great question—how to raise funds—the Report says:—"Your Committee may be expected to offer some observations upon a subject of great importance and some delicacy, which has not been prejudged in the scheme which your Committee now offer for your notice. At the very first meeting of your Committee, the question arose whether this Fund ought to be supported by the subscriptions of its Members and the donations of the more wealthy members of the Newspaper Press, or whether it ought to appeal beyond the narrow circle of the Press to the public, which profits so largely by the genius and toil of its members. Your Committee see no reason to disguise the fact that a difference of opinion at once manifested itself among them on this subject. Upon the one side, it was urged that clergymen, authors, artists, actors, and musicians do not hesitate to solicit from the wealthier classes aid and assistance in maintaining the destitute and superannuated members of their respective professions. The comparatively limited number of persons engaged upon the Newspaper Press, the precarious character of their occupation,

and the moderate amount of their remuneration, were also urged with great force as additional reasons why the Members of this Society ought to feel no humiliation in claiming for their poorer and less fortunate brethren that solace and support in sickness, age and infirmity, which the titled classes and the public men of this country would be so ready to afford. Your Committee, on the other hand, have been reminded that the Press of this country has always jealously guarded its independence, and that the late Sir Robert Peel bore striking and honourable testimony to its self-respect when he declared in the House of Commons that during the whole of his official career he had never been applied to for any office, place or favour by any member of the Press. Your Committee are also fully aware that the parliamentary reporters stand in a peculiar relation to members of the senate. An appeal to the benevolence of public men on behalf of the Press, and their ready and generous response to the appeal, might both be liable to misconception. For these reasons it has been urged that public donations ought not to be solicited on behalf of the fund; and that, at all events, the experiment ought first to be tried whether a reasonable and substantial amount of relief cannot be given to members and their families, in cases of death and destitution, from a fund raised and supported by the proprietors, editors, reporters and contributors to the Newspaper Press of the United Kingdom. Your Committee have not thought themselves called upon to prejudge a question of so much importance. They would even suggest that it is a matter which no section of the Press is competent to decide, and that the discussion of this subject might well be left to a general meeting of the representatives of the Newspaper Press. The meeting before which this report is to be laid will be held this afternoon (Saturday) at the Freemasons' Tavern—when the whole of the questions raised will be debated. Success attend the effort!

The Council of the Royal College of Preceptors have made the following appointments:—The Rev. F. Temple, Head Master of Rugby, and the Rev. Dr. Major, Head Master of King's College School, to vacant seats in the Council; the Rev. R. W. Browne, W. Smith, LL.D., the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, the Rev. S. Houghton, the Rev. J. M'Cosh, LL.D., J. S. Blackie, and J. Pillam, Honorary Members of the College. The Secretary reported that applications had been received from schools in the neighbourhood of London, representing about 1,000 pupils, desirous of availing themselves of the pupils' examination in the College rooms.

The Architectural Publication Society held its annual meeting on the 28th of May, by permission of the Council, in the rooms of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Sydney Smirke, Esq. presided. The Report was presented, detailing the progress of the Society during the year, and announcing that, with the exception of Part II. for the year ending April 30, 1858, and for which, as shown by the balance-sheets also presented, sufficient funds had not yet been received, all arrears of publications were made up. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. Papworth, having acted since the commencement of the Society in 1848, the Committee, with his concurrence, recommended to the meeting the election of a colleague, requesting Mr. Papworth to continue his services, more especially in the production of the Dictionary of Architecture. The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report, urged the importance of increasing the list of subscribers to the important work in hand—the Dictionary—one-third at least of which was now finished. H. R. Newton, Esq., was requested to act as colleague with Mr. Papworth, and Octavius Hansard, Esq., to act as examiner of the illustrations. The Committee elected were:—Messrs. G. Aitchison, jun., S. Angell, A. Ashpitel, Sir C. Barry, R.A., Mr. J. Bell, Prof. Cockerell, R.A., Prof. Donaldson, Messrs. F. Edwards, H. B. Garling, jun., G. Godwin, W. G. Habershon, O. Hansard, E. L'Anson, H. E. Kendall, jun., R. Kerr, J. T. Knowles, T. H. Lewis, J. M. Lockyer, jun., D. Mocatta, C. C. Nelson, H. R. Newton, J. W. Papworth, W. Papworth, W. W. Pocock, S.

Smirke, J. Thomson, W. Tite, M.P., J. Whichcord, jun., J. Wilson, J. Wyson, and the Local Honorary Secretaries. Honorary Treasurer, T. L. Donaldson, Esq.

D. R. R., who writes on the subject of Douglas, seems to fancy that we were thinking only of the last generation when we alluded to that interesting old place. But we are well aware that the veteran who showed the chapel to Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart is long since dead, and that the neighbourhood is in several respects changed since those days. Notwithstanding these facts, however, we did find, during the spring that has just passed, a successor to Thomas Hadden, with whose knowledge of Godsfoot and the Douglas pedigree we were highly pleased,—and we did find a comfortable hostelry—the Douglas Arms. What more would our polite friend have, in justification of our expressions in the article? Now-a-days, too, a place is "inaccessible," in the popular sense, to which there is neither railway nor daily coach; and that Douglas is little known to the Scotch is a fact of which any man may easily satisfy himself in any Scottish drawing-room.

The excavations actually taking place in the vicinity of Sais, in Egypt, under the superintendence of M. Mariotte, have come already to some results. Thirty boxes destined for the collections at Paris, are ready for shipment at Alexandria. Among the objects found,—a sarcophagus of pink granite, attributed to the time of Cheops, is asserted to be very remarkable; it is 8½ feet long, and covered with perfectly well-preserved reliefs. Besides this, a dagger with a golden handle,—a gold box with hieroglyphs,—two golden lions in a lying attitude,—and several bronze statues and reliefs of the oldest dynasties, are said to be of great interest. The whole collection comprises 1,500 various articles, the value of which is estimated at about 200,000 francs. A museum will be built at Alexandria by command of the Viceroy; M. Mariotte is appointed director.

Great preparations are being made by the city of Jena for the celebration of the Fourth Centenary Jubilee of that University, which will take place this summer. The Committee which has taken the matter in hand had at first resolved to invite all those who have studied at Jena in the last century; but the number of those veterans having been found too large, the Committee has come to the conclusion to invite, as guests of honour and representatives of the rest, only the four oldest and most distinguished among them, viz.: A. von Humboldt, E. M. Arndt, K. B. Hahn (at Paris), and G. H. von Schubert (at Munich). The first two are now near eighty-nine, the last two near seventy-nine years of age,—“bemoeste Häupter” indeed!

A friend writes to us from Naples, under date May 29:—“Two events, closely related, have occurred this week in this country,—the shock of an earthquake, and an eruption of Vesuvius. The former was sufficiently powerful to make itself generally felt and talked about,—the latter is the object of nightly admiration. On Monday, the 24th inst., shortly after ten in the morning, the shock of an earthquake was generally felt in the capital proper. We were sensible of a rumbling and a shaking, as if carriages were rolling by; the windows rattled, the handles of the doors shook, and clocks were stopped. Hotel-keepers, who believe all such phenomena to be incompatible with their existence, alone were sceptical. On the next evening, therefore, the following notice appeared in the *Official Journal*:—We have received intelligence by telegram that yesterday morning, at 10.20 A.M., the shock of an earthquake, lasting ten seconds, was felt in Salerno. At the same time a shock, still more powerful, was felt in Potenza; but no harm was done in either place. In fact, all round the bay I have been able to trace it.—On the following evening, Vesuvius threw up a great deal of fire, and what my old man of the mountain calls ‘saette.’ On the two following nights the whole of the mountain was in a glow of fire. Another lava eruption had commenced; and it is now pouring down in two streams, north and north-east. Considering the short time that it has been in motion, it has made considera-

ble progress; and if the predictions of the guides for the last six months are to be depended upon, we may look for some grand displays. At present, indeed, the mountain forms a magnificent spectacle at night, clothed with red, and irradiating the sky above.”

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN. Admission, (from Eight till Seven o'clock), 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, will OPEN MONDAY, June 7, and continue open daily from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar Square), from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 125, Pall Mall, St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s. each. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by Modern Artists of the French School is NOW OPEN, at the French Gallery, 125, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. each. Open from 9 to 6 daily.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS, STEREOSCOPES AND VIEWS is NOW OPEN, at No. 1, New Coventry Street, Piccadilly, daily, from 10 till 6, admission, 1s.; Evenings from 7 till 10, admission, 6d.

ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURES, ‘LANDAIS PRÉSENTS’ going to MARKET, and ‘MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS,’ together with her Portrait, by Ed. Dubufe, are NOW ON VIEW at the German Gallery, 126, New Bond Street.—Admission, 1s. Open from Nine till Six.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, and VESUVIUS, EVERY NIGHT (except Saturdays) at, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at 8.—Places can be secured, at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ HIS ‘CHRISTMAS CAROL,’ on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, June 5, at Three o'clock, and the Story of ‘LITTLE DORRIS’ on THURSDAY EVENING, June 6, at Eight o'clock, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL. Each Reading will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved) 1s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d. Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, Publishers, 15, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—M. GOMPERTZ respectfully announces that, in consequence of the immense overflow of Visitors to his Historical Diorama of the Indian Mutiny, he has arranged to keep it OPEN until further notice. Daily at Three and Eight o'clock, accompanied by a Sax-Tuba Band and Descriptive Lecture.—Days Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL AND PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM, 3, Titchborne-street, opposite the Haymarket.—Lectures daily by Dr. Kahn at Three, and by Dr. Sexton at a Quarter past One, at Four, and ‘On Diseases of the Skin,’ at Eight. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten. Admission, One Shilling.—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free on receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—May 26.—Prof. Phillips, President, in the chair.—H. Duckworth, D. C. Macconnel, J. Entwistle, and F. Drew, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—‘On the Pleistocene Sea Bed of the Sussex Coast, being the Western Extension of the Raised Seabeach of Brighton,’ by J. Prestwich, Esq.—‘On the Sedimentary and other External Relations of the Palaeozoic Fossils of the State of New York,’ by J. J. Bigsby, M.D.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—May 26.—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—C. Squarey, Esq., Mayor of Salisbury, was elected an Associate.—Mr. Clarke, of Easton, sent a fine gold ring of the fifteenth century, having around it IHESUS+NASARENUS+REX+JUDIORUM. It was probably used as an amulet.—Mr. Wills exhibited a merchant's seal, of brass, of the close of the fifteenth century, found in the Thames, near London Bridge. The legend reads, S. TOMEL PORT. LOND.—Mr. Dender, of Blandford, exhibited another specimen, with the merchant's mark. The shield is charged with a wheel and cross, with lateral branches placed between the letters T and N.—Mr. Drach exhibited a late example in a silver matrix, belonging to his family, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—Mr. Cumming read a notice ‘On the Chancellor's Seal-Bag,’ and exhibited an early example from a statue in Rochester Cathedral,—which, according to a communication from the Rev. R. Whiston, is of Walter de Merton. The bag represented was clearly of leather,—not of the present costly fabric.—Mr. Corner produced a

beautiful bowl, composed of fifteen strips of polished turbot shell, riveted to a foot of gilt brass. These were in much estimation at the close of the sixteenth century.—Mr. Curle exhibited a Mexican javelin knife, of small size, for concealment about the person. It was engraved with foliated scrolls, and the words in Spanish, "Sirlo a mi ducho" ("I serve my master"). It was found in the Thames in 1856.—Mr. Syer Cumming read an interesting paper, 'On the Antiquity of Clasp Knives.' There are examples in the Etruscan Room, at the British Museum, in bronze; and Mr. Cumming produced an Anglo-Saxon specimen, nearly five inches in length. Its material was iron for the blade and pine-wood for the handle.—Mr. Vere Irving read a portion of his late 'Survey of the Ancient Earthworks in Norfolk,' and a discussion on the Venta Icenorum was adjourned to the next meeting.

STATISTICAL.—May 18.—J. Heywood, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—T. Muir, Esq., and W. Tite, Esq., M.P., were elected Fellows.—Mr. Hendricks read a paper 'On Indian Revenue and Taxation.' The subjects of discussion were arranged under four heads:—1, The present condition of the Indian revenue, the pressure of taxation and the territorial area and extent of population from which it is raised; 2, The productive, financial and industrial condition of India, and the degree in which it is susceptible of improvement through the promotion of agriculture and public works, better means of irrigation and transit by canals and railways, and an amended system of land settlement; 3, The fiscal conditions that regulate Indian finance compared with British finance; 4, The facts and statistics bearing on the past history and progress of revenue and taxation in British India from 1792-3 to 1855-6. The total gross revenue of India in 1855-6 was 30,817,000*l.* But of this 17,110,000*l.* was the land revenue, and 5,198,000*l.* opium revenue. Mr. Hendricks maintained that the land-tax had ceased to be a tax in the ordinary sense of the word, and ought to be considered a fair rent of the soil paid to the government as the sovereign landlord. The opium-tax, also, was wholly borne by the Chinese consumers of that article, and if besides these we omit the post-office, mint and miscellaneous revenues, as being mostly payments made for special services, the total real taxation borne by the 132,000,000 of inhabitants of British India is about 6,709,000*l.*, which shows that the average taxation per head in India is 1*l.* The improvements lately effected in the canals in the North-West Provinces have yielded a net revenue of from 24 to 36 per cent. on the capital invested; besides which they have been of vast advantage to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country. Yet it must be acknowledged that the extension of these works has not been either so great or so continuous as might be desired. A public works loan in India, judiciously administered, would, no doubt, meet with support from native capitalists. Mr. Hendricks here noticed the fact that the Indian territorial and home debt had been largely increasing in recent years before the mutiny. At present the total amount of the debt of the company is 76,000,000*l.*, and the annual charge for interest is 3,500,000*l.* The increase on the nominal capital of the debt in 24 years has been 60 per cent., while the increase in the annual charge for interest has been only about 42 per cent. With regard to the redemption of the land-tax, Mr. Hendricks considers that such a step should be taken merely in those parts of the Bengal Presidency where the permanent settlement is an existing institution of the country. The method for effecting this redemption would be a cancellation of land-tax in exchange for an equivalent amount of capital in the Indian public debt, and should be permissive merely. Direct taxation appears to be too much neglected in India, and the better off a man is the more does he consume of the country, and the less does he contribute to its industrial progress and to its general wealth and resources.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Entomological, 8.
— Royal Institution, 8.—General Monthly Meeting.
Tues. Syro-Egyptian, 7*30*.—Description of the Sarcophagus of Oseles in the Museum of Hartwell, by Mr. Bonomi.

- Tues. Zoological, 8.—Scientific.
— Royal Institution, 8.—On the History of Italy during the Middle Ages, by Dr. Locatelli.
Wed. Royal Society of Literature, 4*30*.
— British Meteorological, 7.—General and Council.
— British Archaeological Association, 8*30*.—On the Vision of Henry I., by Mr. Pettigrew.—On forged Matrices of Medieval Seals, by Mr. Cumming.—On the Venta Icenorum, with discussion thereon, by Mr. Irving.
— Horticultural, 2.—Garden Exhibition.
— Geological, 3.—On the Joints and Dolomites near Cork, by Prof. Harkness.—The results of some Experiments on the Melting and Cooling of Rowley Rag, by Mr. Hawkes.—On the Iron Ores of Exmoor, by Mr. Smyth.
— On some Native Copper from Llandudno Mine, by Mr. Vivian.
Thurs. Horticultural, 2.—Garden Exhibition.
— Society of Antiquaries, 8.
— Royal, 8*30*.—On the Form and Texture of Lavas which have Consolidated on Steep Slopes, with Remarks on the Origin of the Cones of Etna and Vesuvius, by Mr. Lovell.
Fri. Astronomical, 8.
— Royal Institution, 8*30*.—On Mr. Wheatstone's New Electric Telegraph, by Mr. Faraday.
Sat. Royal Institution, 3.—On the Vegetable Kingdom in its Relations to the Life of Man, by Dr. Lankester.

FINE ARTS

Warwickshire Illustrated: a History of some of the most Remarkable Places in the County of Warwick. Illustrated by a choice Series of Photographic Views, taken by the Collodio-Albumen Process, by Henry Peach Robinson. (Leamington, Robinson.)

THIS is a book of Warwickshire photography, dedicated to the great Leighs, of Stoneleigh, by a Leamington printer, who bears the pleasant name of Merridew. We hope soon to see every village in England sacked and carried off by small armies of foraging photographers,—there being places more worthy of that pleasant plundering than even that stone mushroom Leamington, "city of waters," loungers, heiress-hunters and fox-hunters. The present instalment of county history contains nine Warwickshire views, *i.e.* the Royal Leamington Spa, the Jephson Monument, Warwick Castle, the Beauchamp Chapel, Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth Castle, Guy's Cliffe, Stratford Church, and the Three Spires of Coventry, immortalized by Tennyson in his 'Legend of Lady Godiva.' Leamington is fortunate in its circle of attractions, for in spring its waters are efficacious,—in autumn it is fashionable,—in summer sight-seers drop in *en route* to Stratford and Warwick,—and in winter there is hunting by day, and balls at night;—from a mere cluster of miserable inns and lodging-houses, Leamington has spread out its walks and streets, reared its Pump Room and Parades, built its Regent Hotel to commemorate George the Fourth's visit, got together its Music Hall and Assembly Rooms, obtained its two railways, established its banks, and, in fact, set up—as the advertising shops say—"on a scale of unparalleled splendour,"—and here, in the softest tints of a summer morning, Mr. Robinson shows us Leamington, with its bran-new Palladian houses, mottled pleasantly with the moving shadows of green trees, the balustrades, and balconies, and lamp-posts and pilasters, and showy striped shop-awnings, retreating pleasantly to faint small distances, clean-cut and fine and sharp and dark, all up the broad road, lined with wheel-tracks. Then comes the little stone temple, in the gardens that dyspeptic Leamington erected to its great Dr. Jephson, and which contains a statue of him by Mr. Hollins, of Birmingham. The Doctor is now blind, and unable to carry on his profession. The photograph of the little beehive, on pillars that do not support it, is good; the tone pure and subdued. Next we pass to Warwick Castle, where Gaveston was led to execution,—where the King-maker and Giant-killer lived;—and trim is the Castle of the Warwick Vase and the great Vandyke. This is the castle of Caesar's Tower, and Guy's Tower, and of the Saxon Keep, strengthened by order of the Bastard. We see it here as in a dark mirror, looking fresh and new-built through the bossy trees,—reflected like a drowned man's face in the clear surface of the Avon. The Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, is a matchless piece of weird light and dark. Here lies the Gipsy Earl, the red-faced lover of Elizabeth, and the Regent of France, Richard Beauchamp.

Here, too, is the Great Earl Richard, under his hearse of brass rods, and in place of the old golden images of the Virgin, is a world of heraldic glass,

carved screens and monumental effigies. The west window is a crystal wall of smaller saints, whose blood is the sunlight. From this stone reliquary we pass to Stoneleigh, with its group of terraces, and fluted pilasters, fit for a palace, built in the heart of woods and a revival of the old barony, beginning with the great-grandson of the banneret who fell at Agincourt, and granted first to Sir Thomas Leigh by Charles the First, who was entertained here when the Coventry men shut their gates on his rueful elongated face. It was a Cistercian abbey once, always a sure promise of good scenery, and granted to Charles Brandon, the lover and husband of the beautiful Princess Mary. An easy stage brings us to Kenilworth, with its ruined cliffs of walls and its blank windows with the mullions snapped by time just as if they were so many flower-stalks, the ivy running rejoicingly over the breaches and the gaps, the old work of De Montfort, John of Gaunt, the Gipsy Earl, all gone into that ruin that is one of Time's standing jokes. Guy's Cliffe has no great interest either in reality or photograph, but as the spot where Guy turned hermit (if, indeed there ever was a Guy) and where Mrs. Siddons used to come to bathe in country air after the dust, glare and fatigue of a London season. Stratford Church—well known as it is—is especially interesting, and as the sacred spot of Warwickshire has been well selected by Mr. Robinson. It is well given, with its clear sharp spire and its plain west window, veiled but not darkened by the sun-proof elms, that wave and murmur inquiringly at the window. We see no reason why Mr. Robinson should not go on with his good work, and annex the neighbouring counties, refusing as he does so fully, the slander of old Dr. Parr, that Warwickshire produced Shakespeare, and has been barren in consequence ever since.

A NEW ROOM-FULL OF PICTURES.

WE return to the novelties in the National Gallery.

No. 581. Three life-sized figures of Saints, St. John the Evangelist, St. John the Baptist, and St. James, in equal compartments, are fine examples of the ability of the pupil of Casentino, Spinello Aretino, and afford in themselves some admirable examples of careful studies of drapery. These figures are pale in colour and weak in form; they stand upon richly patterned carpets, but the background is flat plain gold.

No. 582. A small and much-worn oblong picture of the Adoration of the Magi, by Angelico da Fiesole, affords the first introduction of this great name in the Catalogue of our National Gallery. As a painting it does not convey a favourable impression of the master's peculiarities. It is not so good a specimen as the picture of Salome dancing, which was sold with the Rogers Collection, or the little miracle of a Saint from the Bonaparte collection, and now at Thirstane House.

This new acquisition has richness of colour and vagueness of form, without that earnestness of expression in the faces which is so truly characteristic of the master. As one among the brilliant crowd now opened upon us it will very well pass muster, showing at least one of the many pictures produced under Angelico's influence.

So also the remarkable octagonal picture above it, No. 591, attributed to Gozzoli, and called 'The Rape of Helen.' It was formerly assigned to Gentile da Fabriano, and entitled 'The Brides of Venice,'—as the carrying off a bevy of ladies who resist vigorously, it might equally well be styled 'The Rape of the Sabinæ.' Costume in these cases is only useful to the antiquary for the dresses of the artist's own period, and in this respect the highly-finished tempera miniature before us is of especial value. The pink painted houses show the turning-point of style in favour of the Renaissance period, and the remaining pictures which we yet have to notice exhibit a still greater development in this respect.

A large and extraordinary Battle-piece, No. 583, by Paolo Uccello, said to contain portraits of Carlo Malatesta and his nephew Galeazzo being taken prisoners at the battle of Sant' Egidio, in 1416, near Perugia, is remarkable for the spirit of the design

and daring attempts at foreshortening in the position of the figures. A man in plate armour is seen lying at full length on the ground violently foreshortened, and is as signal an instance of failure as it is a clear indication of the boldness of the artist. The same venture with a little more skill would be a triumph. Some of the foreshortened figures by Uccello, both in the Deluge and Noah subjects, still preserved on the walls of the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, are far superior. All the armour is coated with silver and then shaded. The crests to the helmets are enormous, and fully equal those which are so conspicuous on the Italian medallions of Sperandio and Pisanello. Indeed, many portions of this picture show affinity to those remarkably vigorous compositions. The centre horse is very unfinished, and appears at first sight like a white blank mass. The sky in this picture is of a dull blue grey colour, and the first of the series here in which a natural colour supplants the expanse of gold. The large price of 2,000*l.* was paid for this picture.

No. 585. A female portrait, by Piero della Francesca, supposed to be Isotta da Rimini, the poetess, and wife of Sigismund Malatesta. The features closely resemble those inscribed with her name on the Italian medallions of Pisanello. The details of dress and delicate modelling of the features are fully characteristic of the portraiture of the middle of the fifteenth century.

No. 586. A large Altar-piece, by Filippo Lippi, from San Spirito at Florence. It is divided into three parts. In the centre, the Madonna, seated on a stone parapet, holding the Infant Saviour, quite naked, in her arms, with the exception of a necklace and bracelets of red coral. Two angels, without glories, are seated at her feet playing guitar and violin. As San Spirito was an Augustinian foundation belonging to the Eremiti Agostiniani, we find saints of that order predominating in this picture. Foremost among them in black in the left hand compartment is St. Nicholas of Tolentino. St. Augustine is probably by his side. On the opposite wing, corresponding to St. Nicholas, is the nun Santa Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, and St. Bartholomew at her side.

Two separate arched pictures, possibly altarpieces, Nos. 587 and 588, by the same painter, represent St. John the Baptist, together with St. John the Evangelist as an old man, and St. Mark by the side of St. Augustine, who wears a bishop's robes over his monk's dress.

No. 589. Another picture by Lippi is of a very different character and later time. The general tone is very pale and mellow, the architecture thoroughly in the ancient classic taste. The glories to the heads are no longer cumbersome metal disks, but are indicated in the most delicate manner, with numerous golden dots enclosed in slender rings. The subject partly recalls a charming picture by the same master in the Gallery at Florence, where the child is likewise supported by angels. Here, also, the Virgin Mary receives the Infant Saviour from the arms of an angel. Her face, her several-times-folded gauze veil upon the head, and concealment of the hair are the first indications of a type so much adopted afterwards by Ghirlandajo, Filippino, and Lorenzo di Credi.

No. 592. An exquisitely beautiful, oblong, predella picture by Filippino Lippi, representing the Adoration of the Magi. Here we find depths of shadow, richness of colour, and a clearness in the masses of light which neither Albertinelli nor Ridolfo Ghirlandajo could surpass, and which for painted-glass brilliancy of colour seems to have anticipated all that Fra Bartolommeo laboured to achieve. These deep grey shadows the younger Lippi no doubt derived from his artistic father, Sandro Botticelli. The composition is elaborate and full of action.

No. 590. Cosimo Tura, a very little known Ferrarese artist, is named as the painter of a curious little picture of the Dead Body of the Saviour seated on the edge of the tomb, and supported by John the Baptist and Joseph of Arimathea. It is rich but sombre in colour, producing relatively the effect which Guercino's cabinet paintings convey in later times.

No. 593. A small and very peculiar, although

genuine, picture of a Madonna and Child, by Lorenzo di Credi. The naked infant is sadly encumbered with flesh, which falls into hollows and creases whenever touched or wherever the limbs are bent. The colours are all of them light and pale, as if painted on china. The background arches are the darkest part of the picture. A glass of small flowers indicates the artist's disposition to study nature in minutest particulars.

No. 594. A comparatively modern Greek painting of St. Cosmo and St. Damian, by Emanuel, serves well enough to show how the Byzantine form was still adhered to in the Greek Church even in the seventeenth century; but the Greek now wants some thoroughly old Greek pictures of the most important historical events in the New Testament as a standard from which to measure the earliest effort of real Italian Art,—some illustrations, in fact, of 'The Interpretation of Painting' obtained by Didron. When Byzantine pictures of the Raising of Lazarus, the Crucifixion, the Descent into Hades, the Myrrophori, the Ascension, and Pentecost have been assembled, Duccio and Giotto will be better appreciated, and the careful modelling and innovations adopted by Cimabue become generally recognized. So numerous a collection and so novel in nature has scarcely been added at one time to the Gallery since its foundation.

Whilst recognizing the learning and spirit of those who are now chief in administration of our National Gallery, we cannot fail to see in all these changes the working of the public mind and the happy result of a more liberal education.

These illustrations of bygone times and early strivings have indeed a grave importance and a special interest. It would be wrong, however, now that the antiquarian taste has been roused and taken root as it were in our collection, to neglect the technical schools of the later times. The older ones show the heavings from thoughts working deep within, but it is to the later and more refined works that we must turn for efficient utterance.

One more picture, of a school so foreign that we reserve a distinct place for it, claims notice also as a new comer. It is No. 295, the first acquisition that has been made in this gallery of a Quentin Matsys. It consists of two bust pictures of the Saviour, as Salvator Mundi, with his left hand resting on a crystal ball and cross, the right raised in act of benediction. On his left side is the Madonna in attitude of adoration. The metal-worker's attainments are clearly evident in the beautiful flagee design of the gold cross which surmounts the globe. The minute finish of every part is peculiarly German,—the colours are clear, and there is nothing whatever in the nature of the forms selected for representation at all inferior to those adopted by the Italians themselves during the contemporary period. The picture was formerly in the collection of the King of Holland. A good clear work of Simone Memmi would show the Sienese school in its fullest peculiarities, and a bold work of Masaccio or Masolino would display the actual pivot upon which so many changes turned.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Two pictures, by "Pauline Potter"—as the French affectionately call Mdle. Rosa Bonheur—are now exhibiting at the Old German Gallery, in Bond Street. One is entitled 'Morning in the Highlands,' and has been already mentioned by us,—the other represents 'Landais Peasants going to Market.' Neither picture is a peculiarly good manifestation of her genius, and the latter mentioned is of second-rate merit. Between the two stands the kit-cat portrait of our Æsopian genius, by Dubufe,—careful, flat, clean, timid, and clever, as Dubufe generally paints. The little lady's eyes glitter, however, with intelligence, and there is much of that firm look that we might expect from an Amazonian genius that dresses as a groom to attend horse-fairs, and repairs to the *abattoirs* to study the bellowing victims of man's gluttony. One hand holds emblems of her art, the other rests on the curled frontal of a pet bull, that gives the picture a sort of Europa character, quite allegorical and mythological. The short hair, too, is very characteristic; but the portrait is flattered, and

suggests the idea of a bigger woman, but a smaller genius. The Highland picture, just five stunted, stubborn, dogged runts by the side of a Highland lake, and near a Highland mountain, are characteristic; and though one of them has a too human nose, and though the landscape is rather dull and opaque, it is still a sketch from Nature. Of course, the hoof, hair, and horn, the hot, blue breath, and such garnishings—nay, the very stiff curl and flaking of the matted, staring hair—are marvellously given. The Landais picture we do not like,—the faces are worse than blanks,—they are ill-drawn, devoid of all expression, and almost of humanity. They are mere round ciphers in paint. Then the composition is unpleasant, for the man on stilts seems as if he was standing on the cart-wheel, and the great black wigs fastened on the draught-oxen's brows are not sufficiently plain as wigs, and are mistaken for caricatured frontlets. The colour, too, is sunken and heavy, and the furze and heather are coarsely generalized. With these exceptions, the scene has interest as a record of the dunes of the Landes and of the neighbourhood of the painter's birthplace, Bordeaux. The ox-wagon contains wine-casks, covered with green-husk stalks of Indian corn, intended to feed the cattle. The shepherds' stilts and rough, woollen-banded leggings are characteristic of those vast sand plains, where, perched on their three stilts, the shepherds sit and knit. This picture, though worth seeing, will not advance the painter's fame.

A General German Art-Exhibition is to take place at Munich in the course of this summer.

Herr Werner, who has studios in Venice and London, has opened a Fourth Exhibition of German, Venetian and Montenegrin scenes in Pall Mall: his style this year bearing traces of having been modified by his recent tour with Carl Haag in the Danubian provinces. He paints with the neat brightness of Corbould and some of the finished breadth of the Haags, sometimes being a little hard and crude, but excelling in costume and architectural subjects. In his rooms, rich with old tapestry and ivory-bellied lutes, he has a small but choice set of scenes from the blue mouldy wine-cellars of Lubeck and the sunburnt quays of Venice, and, above all, he has a view of the ruins of an old church on the coast of Sicily, which stands on the marshy edge of a lone shore, just as when the earthquake rent them, fresh and bright, with their broken stairs and tomb slabs and mosaics: indeed, Mass at certain seasons being still said there. Here there are saucy Venetian girls, with their men's hats and bright copper water vessels, Lido fishermen and braves.

A report on the affairs and past management of the Royal Hibernian Academy by Mr. Norman M'Leod and certain official correspondence relative to the said report have been published. We are sorry to find that the Royal Hibernian Academy has proved a failure as an institution for the cultivation of the fine arts. The causes are alleged to be the narrowness of its constitution (the number of academicians being restricted to fourteen) and mismanagement in matters of detail. For example, the day of opening is always uncertain, and in one year an autumnal month was selected for the occasion. The charges for admission, too, are unfixed and varying, and the hanging committee frequently provoke general dissatisfaction. To obviate these evils suggestions are offered by Mr. M'Leod. A correspondence has taken place between the Academy and the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Irish Government has been informed by the secretary that the Academy accept the general proposition of the Viceroy regarding the appropriation of the parliamentary grants to the educational purposes of the institution, and that on the minor points they gladly conform to his Excellency's views so far as possible.

Herr Schoefft, a German artist of small merit but much industry and ambition, has opened a Gallery of Indian portraits and landscapes in the Haymarket. There is a good *tableau* of Runjeet Singh's court at Lahore, the terrible little one-eyed lion of the Punjab being surrounded by chiefs, priests and fanatics; there are field officers and Hungarian quacks, falconers, Kandahar horse-

dealers, guards, doorkeepers, moonahs and mahoots. A little further on we come to a tiger chase near the river Dstenab: here Turks are enjoying the *hif* or tranquillity of the coffee-shop,—two contrasting scenes of the Oriental mind. Here is a Persian harem, and there travellers crossing the Tigris on a raft. The pictures are a curious mixture of eccentric imagination and of imperfect art. An "old Indian" might perhaps amuse himself for an hour in winnowing the true from the false, the copied from the invented.

All previous photographs of Egypt "go down" before the large and finely-wrought views published by Robert Murray, late chief engineer to the Viceroy of Egypt (Hogarth), for whom that learned dweller among the tombs, Mr. Bonomi, has written a Catalogue. These views consist of all the best ancient and Sarcenic remains in the Valley of the Nile, from Alexandria, to where Osiris sleeps; and even beyond that, into the Nubia beyond the Cataracts. He has engraved them, by the aid of sunbeams, with all the fidelity that M. Horeau demands. The Dandor of Augustus and the Luxor of Rameses are now our own—the Roman Omphos of Ptolemy and the Philæ of the Cæsars. Few people have had such opportunities as Mr. Murray; no one has, at least, made better use of them. The gold cloth and dirt of Cairo—the musk and stench—the sandal-wood and the dung-hills—the odalisks and the lepers,—have a strange riveting interest to all who care for Joseph and his story, or for the glittering days of "the Red-headed Caliph." These stone mountains of temples astonish us with a deep sense of the builders' conviction in their dead creed, which, through the Gnostics and the Neo-Platonists, tainted even Christianity. The stone lotus flowers, thousands of years old, delight us still with a sense of beauty. The clear, keen, thin air of the hot, bright land is favourable for the chemist-artist. Every year now rubs out some line of hieroglyphic, or cancels some old Pharaoh signature. This Vishnu of Art came in due time, and came to save and to record. He comes to do more accurately and beautifully for all of us, what Champollion and Denon did for kings and learned Societies. Here are obelisks, with every hawk's wing, locust, and winged genius, to be read as easily as a column of the *Times*; though this column of stereotype is old, very old, yet, being old, will not seem so. Every day some burn of sun or blast of arid wind knocks a fresh tooth out of the old jaw; and it is time we had record of these losses, which are irreparable. The twenty-seven miles of Thebes' ruins make us humble about London's dreary unsatisfying vastness and prolonged meanness. The solemn smiling sleep of the stone Rameses makes us less fanciful about imaginary sinners in the Venus. There is dignity and thought almost in those sharp, clear, statuesque shadows that we know are perfect, and which are to be viewed without doubt or hesitation. To point out their beauties, we will just glance through a few of Mr. Murray's scenes. Here is Philæ, with its square, roofless temple, its knotted granite-blocks, its fanning palms, its square fortress-walls reflected white in the Nile water, its tufted trees, and its tumbling litter of building-stones that fill the bank;—black as night are the loop-holes—dark the lines under the cornices. Then comes the court of Shishak at Karnac, with its solitary pillar and its o'erlapping, belled capital rimmed with dark, its mile-stone blocks, its yawning walls, and its tiers of hieroglyphics persistently symbolic. Then we go off to the Nile-boat—the clouds long since burned up in the level, blank, hot sky—and watch the bare hills and clustering palm-trees on the opposite shore, from the long, grated cabin, or the open canopy, or from the clusters of ropes that hold the long, raking yard-arm afloat. Then, on a quick dream, to the square Propylon of Ptolemy at Karnac. The eye without the microscope can distinguish the dark lines of the intaglio outlines and the white touches of erasure or decay: below the shadow lies like a dark, forlorn stream—bottomless as Hell. Then Luxor, with the balconied and flagree-pierced minaret, the miniature play and fairy fretting of light and shade, the jumble of corn-cascs, hieroglyphics, cartouches, broken walls, and peeling

stucco, or, in other aspects, choked up with buttresses-drifts of yellow sand, from which the fluted and banded pillars emerge, to bear upon their heads Atlas burdens of sacred stone. Then more rocks, pillars, and trees—head downwards in the water; and, lastly, most perfect and astonishing of all, that vast sword-shaped obelisk, towering above the prison like propylons, with their wedge-shaped tops, every letter clear as if cut by a diamond.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—Madame Savard, Joachim, Piatti, &c. TUESDAY, June 5, Half-past Three o'clock. Quartet, 8 flat. Op. 44. Haydn: Quartet, 8 minor, Flauto, 4re, Mezzosoprano; Quartet, No. 10, 8 flat, Beethoven: Etude and Nocturne, C sharp minor, Chopin.—Visitors' Tickets, 10s. 6d.; to be had at Cramer & Co's, Chappell's, and Ollivier's. J. ELLA, Director.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS LEFFLER, Daughter of the late Mr. Adam Leffer, begs to announce that her GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the above Hall, Regent-street, on MONDAY, June 7, to commence at 8 o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Other distinguished Artists are already engaged.—Tickets to be had at the Hall, principal Musicellers, and of Miss Leffer, 71, Oxford-street.

MR. ALLAN IRVING has the honour to announce his CONCERT will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, under distinguished patronage, TUESDAY, JUNE 5, at Three o'clock. Vocalists.—Messrs. Rogers, Messrs. De Bernardi, Louisa Visconti, Messrs. Sims Reeves, George Ferren, Allan Irving. Instrumentalists.—Signor Andreoli, Miss Chatterton, M. Remony, Conductors, Mr. Frank Mori, Signor Randegeer and Campana.—Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Tickets, 7s. 6d.; at the principal Musicellers; Western's Library, Knightsbridge; and of Mr. Allan Irving, 25, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square.

Herr ERNST PAUER'S THIRD and LAST SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, June 6, to commence at half-past Eight o'clock, when he will perform (with Barrett, Pape, Stegelm, and Hausser): Beethoven's Quintet for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, and Bassoon; with Miss Richardson, Duets of Mendelssohn (Adante in 8 flat), with Salomon, Joachim, and Pape; Schumann's Quartet, Op. 47, for Piano, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, with saintin; Spohr's Piece de Salon, for Piano and Violin; and Taranella Pauer.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; may be had of the Principal Musicellers: R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street; and Herr Pauer, 3, Cranley Place, Old Square, Bloomsbury.

Mdlle. CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that she will give a MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on THURSDAY, June 6, Vocalists.—Mdlle. Marie de Huller, M. Jules Lefort, and Herr Deek. Instrumentalists.—Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, M. Pape; Harp, Herr Oberthur; Piano, Mdlle. Valentin. Conductors, Herr Wilhelm Gauss and Herr Theodor Maus. To commence at Three o'clock.—Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; to be had of Mdlle. Valentin, 6, Duke Street, Manchester Square, W.; and of Messrs. Wessel, 18, Hanover Square, W.

MADAME DOTTI (the celebrated Prima Donna of the Scala and Paris Italian Opera, formerly student under Rossini and Donizetti) will SING at her MATINÉE, June 11, at Hanover Square Rooms, the as yet unheard Last Composition of Donizetti, written by the great Maestro a few hours before his madness declared itself, and expressing in the most touching manner the feelings which induced it. "Pauvre Donizetti!" exclaimed Rossini when he saw it, "c'est bien lui, mais c'est terrible." Full particulars shortly.

CONCERT by the BLIND.—Hanover Square Rooms.—A CONCERT of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, by the Pupils of the School for the Indigent Blind, assisted by the celebrated Blind Musicians, Signor Pico, Messrs. Hine and Summers, will be given on SATURDAY, June 12, commencing at 8 o'clock, under distinguished patronage. Conductor, Mr. W. H. Monk.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s., at Messrs. Mitchell's, Stans, Ollivier's, Leader & Co's, Cramer & Seale's; and at the School, St. George's Fields, Southwark.

Herr L. JANSKA begs to announce that his SEVENTH ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, June 14, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock.—Tickets, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; may be obtained at Herr Jansa's, 10, Mornington Crescent, Camden Town. Full particulars will be daily announced.

Miss MACRONE has the honour to announce that her SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on SATURDAY, June 19, commencing at half-past 8 o'clock, upon which occasion she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby. The following Members of the Vocal Union:—Miss Marian Moss, Mr. Foster, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Wynn, and Herr Pischke, Herr Carl Deichmann, Violin. Pianoforte, Miss Macrone. During the Concert, the Members of the Vocal Union will perform several Part Songs composed by Miss Macrone and Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Herr Pischke, new compositions by the same Author. Conductor, Mr. George Loder.—Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s. Tickets, to admit four, 12s. 6d. Reserved Seats may be obtained only of Miss Macrone, 5, Park Village West, Regent's Park; Messrs. Addison & Co., Mr. R. Ollivier, and Mr. Campbell, where diagrams of the room can be seen.

Mr. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, THE QUEEN, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, will take place at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on MONDAY, June 21, on the same grand scale of former years.—Particulars and Tickets may be had at Mr. Benedict's Residence, 3, Manchester Square, and at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Oratory Hymns. By the Very Rev. F. W. Faber; composed, &c. by Wilhelm Sculthies, Director of the Music at the Oratory. (London, Ewer & Co.)—The solemn preamble of this book, which, like some *Jeanne-Marie* or *Clotilda*, or other base-metal

bell of the ancient times chronicled by Mr. Lukis, is to make its noise in "the Oratory" and elsewhere, sanctioned by a Cardinal's direct benediction, affords reason for the closest scrutiny of its contents. Why should a Red Hat pretend to impose on us, as a matter of sense and refinement, that which, were it sheltered by a High-Church *Rehearsal*,—or by the wide-awake beaver of a Ranting (or Round) Whittfieldian Preacher, is to be turned from, despised, and repudiated—by every shocked sense of grace and dignity—as so much coarseness and platitudes?—Want of thought,—want of elegance,—want of grammar, are the same, whether the scene of their display be *Saint Francis Xavier's*—or *Ebenezer*—but in proportion as the patrons thereof are used to talk of Art, will by-standers be justified (totally apart from dogmatical consideration) in searching the ware strictly. Those 'Oratory Hymns,' by the Very Rev. F. W. Faber, are in no respect so fit for music as the most cantering canticle of the sprightliest Dissenting Hymn-book of the last century. The Nonconformist Hymnology has been reformed by being made reverential. Let us hope that the Papal poets will follow the same rule, and that, if Oratory Hymns there are to be, something less puerile, less prosaic, less fulsome in their familiarities, than "the lengths" of Father Faber will be producible. Herr Sculthies, whom we have more than once commended as a composer of graceful pianoforte *Nocturns*, inevitably sinks under the weight of a collaboration like this,—but his Hymn, No. 2, would never have been contrived had not a certain man, one Beethoven, set certain holy songs by Gellert. Then, it must be told, he, too, has professed too much in his preface. His tunes were to be "as flowing, as attractive, as interesting as possible"—but they are here furlongs within the limits of such possibility. The composer's share, however, in this publication, as well as that of the poetaster, might have been dismissed quietly, except for the purple and gold warrants affixed to the preface.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—To sing Mozart well requires as much accomplishment as to sing Handel well;—because both great composers wrote for great singers, and in a day when a bald delivery of the notes noted would have satisfied no one; whereas now, so great is the decadence of the art, that a voice trained to execute all that can be required of it bids fair to become as great a rarity as the unmatched ruby glass from the crucibles of our forefathers. In our recollection, no one has sung (we do not say acted) Mozart so well as Madame Sontag. Like the composer of 'Le Nozze'—by birth German, by training Italian—she knew how to give full consequence to the music, but still (as every singer should) to keep a little independent grace and freedom for herself. A temperance, an elasticity, a perfect ease, and an occasional elegance of adornment marked her execution of the part of *Susanna*, which we shall never forget. She had, in short, the true Vienna tradition. Here and there a vocalist great by training, such as Madame Persiani,—or a great musician, who must be creative in her rendering, whatever be the school, whatever the music—such as the Garcia sisters—can be polished, or passionate; admirable as an interpreter—at the risk of a cadence not altogether in the true style, or of momentary stress on some passages which should flow without stagnation and without strain,—but the best success of any of these ladies has not had with it that entire satisfaction imparted by Madame Sontag.—Then, minor stars,—such as Meadames Lutzer and Hasselt-Barth, and (again inferior to these) Mdlle. Anna Zerr,—have all of them helped to hand down the real manner of singing Mozart—respectfully, not stiffly.—Mdlle. Lind, on the other hand, was superfluously conscientious; too meagre, too heavy, too resolutely in the foreground, to be acceptable in this occupation.—Ours is a necessary preface to some notice of the new lady from Vienna, Mdlle. Tietjens, who has been singing in 'Le Nozze.' Her performance is only remarkable as displaying the beautiful upper notes of her voice. Shall we never see the part of the Countess played as it might be!—with an air of

caprice and genteel comedy freaking its sentiment, thereby supporting, not spoiling, the busier artifices of *Suanna*. The whole first *finale* to our thinking, Mozart's best *finale* is full from first to last of opportunity for the actress. Mdlle. Tietjens, however, is only like every other *Countess Almaviva* of our acquaintance in letting the opportunity for acting pass unimproved;—in leaving every point lying flat without taking it up. Musically, the notes of Mozart are given by her,—Mozart's elegance is not. She has not sufficient of the singer's art to finish a turn, an *appoggiatura*, or a shake, as they should be finished; and made small impression on ourselves, though much apparently on the audience. The incompetence of the two other ladies included in the cast would hardly be suffered to pass in any other theatre than Her Majesty's. —What has happened to Mdlle. Spezia—whose name was in Mr. Lumley's programme—that she sings no more at *Her Majesty's Theatre*? Signor Belletti is excellent as *Figaro*,—and Signor Benvenuto is perhaps a trifle less stormy and bombastic than he was last year. —Luiza Miller is to be given next week. —A graceful *divertissement* has been given for that excellent dancer, Mdlle. Marie Taglioni,—but a doleful ballad might be written on the decline and fall of "*ballad*,"—in this country at least. The Taglioni herself, could she re-appear, or Mdlle. Fanny Elssler—incomparable in her *pas* and her pantomime—would hardly wake up the young or old world of Dandy-hood to the riotous raptures of other days. —Meanwhile, if taste be tamer, Dance is unquestionably lamer than it was during the reigns of '*La Sylphide*' and '*La Gipsy*.'

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A line or two will suffice to record the first appearance of Signor Ronconi, after his return from America, with Madame Grisi in '*Lucrezia Borgia*.' The gentleman never played better,—his powers are what, and where they were, ere he left Europe.—The lady never sang with more determination and care:—the state of her voice, on its good nights, is still remarkable, considering the length of its career. Thursday was one of the good nights aforesaid. Signor Neri-Baraldi did his best with *Gennaro*; but will not satisfy a public accustomed to Signor Mario in the part. His voice is good, his method fair, but charm is wanting to him. The scenery is admirable,—the stage appointments and dresses are picturesque. The opera, on the whole, pleased a large audience as much as if it was not nearer a two hundred than a twenty times told tale. —'*La Brésillienne*' was danced afterwards, with Mdlle. Zina as principal *danseuse*, some fresh dresses, a pretty scene, and little or no public.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—First among the concerts of the week must be signalized *Madame Puzzi's*, though merely as another of those singular appeals to which public attention was lately called. There are many ladies who can turn over the leaves of a music-book with greater grace than she. Yet this is all that Madame Puzzi has done for twenty years past at her concert or concerts; while, as time goes on she becomes more and more frequent in her appeals to the public. A limit should be put to such proceedings, if not by the modesty of the applier, by the tolerance of the artists who co-operate gratuitously, and by the patience of patrons whose good nature is strained to its utmost. At this concert Madame Viardot was heard for the first time in public this season. She is in her very best voice—her organ having gained power and equality since she was last in England. There was no skill nor singer's art to be added. Here, too, is Madame Persiani—not always sure in her intonation (in fact, sure she never was), but who, so long as a note of sound is left her, will be a lesson and a delight to all who understand what singing is.—How welcome are such performances as these ladies give, after the experience of crude, pretending, ignorant nature, which now presents itself in the most ambitious places, and which claims honour and profit!

The second concert of *Miss Dolby* and Mr. *Lindsay Sloper* was good. Could music, which a London concert audience will bear to hear, range more widely than betwixt a Purcell *Cantata* and one of

Beethoven's last *Sonatas*? It may be doubted. 'Mad Bess,' however, which Miss Dolby sang and said very finely, is not Purcell's best mad *Cantata*; it is more patchy, less tuneable, and less picturesque in its recitative than *Altiedora's* '*Delirious Lady*,' which Miss Masson used to deliver so admirably. Beethoven's Duet, with violoncello, in c major, Op. 102, which we do not recollect to have heard in public before, is one of his compositions which are just "over the brink" of well-proportioned, substantial music. The theme of its principal *allegro* is as grandiose as that of the *allegro* in the Ninth Symphony, but it is somehow flung and frittered away. The movement is a sketch, yet means to be no sketch—one belonging, in brief, to the time when working power and sense of proportion fail to second the fancy which (with men of Beethoven's calibre) never can die. On the other hand, the final *rondo*, however agreeable and sprightly, is still frivolous.

Besides the above, in spite of its being Ascot week, Mr. *Blagrove* has held his last Quartett meeting, at which a Quartett by Mr. J. L. Ellerton and a *Sonata*, by Bach,—in which he was assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard—were introduced.—Two violoncellists, also, have been receiving their friends—*M. Pague* and *Signor Piatti*. The appeal of the latter was a forcible one, in spite of the modesty of its form,—(never indeed have we been conversant with a great artist more truly modest than Signor Piatti). There was, first, a due display of his own matchless violoncello playing, after the *Sonata* with M. Rubinstein, which the two introduced last year at Mr. Ella's *Musical Union* [Athen. No. 1548]. On repetition, we enjoyed the two first movements more, the *finale* less, than we did on a first hearing. The composer is in his prime of fire, force, and freedom,—sometimes (we hear it remarked) too forcible. But the manner of every man who gives himself thoroughly up to his performance has a charm, whether it be of the colossal or the minute orders of enchantment. Thus, we do not quarrel with some redundancy in a case where time and thought may add to the player some last touches of delicacy. Thirdly, Signor Piatti made an honourable appearance at his own concert as composer of a *notturno* for bass voice, with violoncello, which was well sung by Mr. Santley. He was further aided by Madame Novello, Miss Dolby, Signori Marras and Monari, and Madame Marcolini, who sang a dashing vocal waltz by Signor Biletta.—The *Amateur Society* has "wound up its charm" for the season.—As for the music of yesterday, public and private (including the first performance this year of Signor Costa's '*Eli*' by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*), it has been sufficient in quantity, supposing it had been reported in deliberate fashion, to require an *Athenæum* for itself. To some of it we may possibly advert next week.

STRAND.—Another burlesque, and by the same hand which furnished the extravaganza that expired a few evenings ago at the same theatre! Mr. Byron has this time undertaken to caricature Lord Byron's '*Bride of Abydos*,' a poem too delicate for such rough treatment. There are, however, a few salient points about it. The rage of the *Gluffar* is ludicrous even in the original text, and enlarged to melo-dramatic dimensions, with the aid of some outrageous puns, is made by Mr. Turner, his burlesque representative, still more ridiculous. A further exaggeration is accomplished by the revival of *Abdallah*, which gives occasion for a parody of the scene between Hamlet and the Ghost of his Father; and who afterwards appears with a body of pretended Dervishes and acrobats, as visitants at the marriage festivities of *Oman Bey* and *Zuleika*, with similar results to those described in the second canto of '*The Corsair*.' It will thus be seen that Mr. Byron has found it expedient to go beyond the simple plot of the noble poet's "*Turkish Tale*" for the materials of his eccentric drama. In his desire to make the most of those afforded, he has exaggerated the importance of *Haroun*, the Nubian,—but the attempt has foisted a heavy character on the story, without in the slightest degree aiding the real interest. The merit of the piece consists mainly in its dialogue, which is

smart and brilliant; and though fertile in what Dryden calls "clenches of wit," laudably avoids the vulgar slang which only so lately deteriorated the text of burlesque elocution. The stage of this theatre is small, but the most on this occasion has been made of its resources; and considerable effect is produced by some well-painted scenery and very glittering costumes. Mr. Young, as *Abdallah*, was outrageously funny; Miss Swanborough made a dashing *Selim*, and Miss Oliver a charming *Zuleika*. The performance was smoothly conducted, without any of those accidents that sometimes occur on first nights,—and, in conclusion, the curtain fell on a triumphant success.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Since last week we have heard that Prof. Bennett intends to introduce some of the '*Passions-Musik*,' by Bach, at Leeds. This we cannot conceive to be a well-advised experiment,—however naturally it may grow out of the curiosity of the public convened the other evening in St. Martin's Hall by the *Bach Society*.

If the operas of Signor Verdi are barely endurable to us when given by the best attainable singers, in the best theatres, and there merely because they are the only operas having any style of their own which Italy gives out,—it will be understood why we give silence rather than sympathy to "*Verdi for the Million*." To be just, however, there is an anecdote against us, and from none other than the mouth of Beethoven;—which was told us not long since by one of the speakers in the dialogue, then a young musical student, but now at the head of his profession. Herr — was then at Vienna,—he was admitted to see the master in the last months of his dying life, generously outraged by the indifference and neglect shown to Beethoven by his lively townsmen,—and in those days, violent against Signor Rossini, whose operas (it was held) were one main cause of the injustice of the Viennese to the Author of the '*Miss Solennis*,' and '*The Ninth Symphony*.'—Something of this was said—in expression of the boy's awkward, well-meant sympathy—to the worn and gloomy old man. "Not so," was Beethoven's reply, "after all there is the old saying, '*Vox populi, vox Dei*.'" In the face of this wisdom, however, (to come back to our subject) we still do not like the operas of Signor Verdi, nor can we believe that their influence is other than a bad one. Thus, while we may speak, so soon as better occasion is given us, of the better artists who are in the *Drury Lane* company, it will be the most satisfactory to every one who we should forbear from saying in detail how bad D, E, F, I, and J are in this bad music,—or from expressing in less general terms our regret that they take the place of better people in better things, owing to the folly of "the million," who are always easily caught—often by that which is intrinsically the vulgar; and who are in this independent country strangely, submissively, under the slipper of Fashion.

It was said at the Cologne Festival by Germans that the preparations for the Handel Festival at Halle move slackly,—that the sum till now subscribed for the statue in their land of many capitals and many princes, big and little, is very insufficient. The enthusiasts logically fell foul of England for not doing its enthusiasm for Germany!—There is a courteous and handsome comment on this narrow and parsimonious injustice which we should be glad to see made. We would fain have a Handel memorial—be it statue, or bust, or portrait, or votive tablet—placed in every music-room throughout England.—Meanwhile, it is curious to sit under reproach from the very persons who will condescendingly ask the English amateur whether there is such a thing as chorus-singing in this country:—a solemn question put to an Englishman in our hearing at the Cologne Festival by a Berlin musical professor with a deservedly high reputation! Seeing that the *Athenæum* finds its way to the Prussian capital, we would reply to this inquiry by reminding all Handelians at home and abroad that the great performance of the "*Handel Festival Choir*," under the direction of the Committee of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, with an orchestra including

2,500 performers, will be held at the Sydenham Palace, on the 2nd of July—yet that this is merely another step in experiment and preparation, leading up to the Centenary Festival of 1859.

It is now said that Madame Ristori will play in London this season, but at the *St. James's*, not the *Lyceum Theatre*.

The success of 'Le Nozze' at the *Théâtre Lyrique* is described by French ear-witnesses to have been real; so much so, indeed, as to make the management contemplate mounting 'Don Juan.' Where the hero is to be found, save it be in M. Battaille, we have no conception. The *Gazette Musicale* announces that the 'Faust' of M. Gounod is in rehearsal.—The state of the *Grand Opéra* meanwhile is described, on competent testimony, as going from bad to worse. "No music, no voices, no discipline," were the words used the other day in regard to it by a great German conductor, who, like ourselves, recollects the palmy days of that theatre. Signor Tambrerik, it is now said, hesitates as to the loan of his o sharp; and, we think, wisely.—Meanwhile, the Paris Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* announces a discovery of its kind and in its world as precious as the great gold nugget or the "Koh-i-noor." This is a new tenor, one M. Lebat, with an upper note more in his voice (what do we say!—one—two—three—there is no limit to promise on similar occasions) than Signor Tambrerik himself. M. Lebat is announced as a professor of rhetoric; but it is undertaken for him that after a year's training he shall be ready to succeed to the crown and sceptre of Nourrit, MM. Duprez and Roger. Great is the pleasure in hoping, greater still in believing—but experience is apt to be troublesome on such occasions. We have not forgotten the similar promises made for the Rouen cooper, M. Poulter, before he was "brought out,"—nor the sensation excited by the preternatural voice of M. Belfort some years later. A weed is not to be cultivated into a hot-house flower within the compass of a twelvemonth, neither is a singer qualified to cope with the difficulties of the *Grand Opéra* of Paris to be improvised under a few months' training by singing master and ballet master. In Italy, we know, such things can take place. There—*Checco*, who in January was bawling behind his cobbler's bench or *Milord's* equipage, may towards August be seen figuring on the stage as a *tenore robusto* in one of Signor Verdi's operas. This, however (and it is well), will hardly do for France. What has been said, however, is merely in the way of caution. M. Lebat may, and we hope will, prove the Phoenix, on the discovery of whom the success of every opera company must, more or less, depend.

Signor Rossini again! Was ever the retreat of great man so perversely public in its privacy? A silly book—half romance, half biography—about him has been published by Herr Oettinger, under pretence of superior knowledge, confidence—containing, in short, that sort of story, which is told the most minutely by those who have none to tell. Signor Rossini has condescended to advertise the silly book by assuring the public that he never had anything to do with Herr Oettinger.

Persons curious in observing the phenomena which follow the digestion of a particular diet, may find strongly marked symptoms of distemperature in the flippancies of the New York musical papers concerning 'Elijah,' which oratorio has been lately attempted there, with Herr Formes as protagonist. In awkward copy of the criticism of the new Germans, they arraign Mendelssohn's work as being too mixed and dramatic in style—unfortunately proving their ignorance by pointing to the superior devotional severities of Handel! What such accomplished persons make of the great scenes in 'Samson,' 'Solomon,' 'Saul,' 'Joshua,' 'Athalie,' 'Jephtha,' it would be hard to say. It was but the other day that we had to break a lance with M. Schoelcher and Mr. Rophino Lacy for insisting that these Oratorios of Handel, to be properly performed, cry aloud for dresses, foot-lights, and prompter,—for Mr. Beverley with his scenes, and Mr. Gye with his new theatre.—'Elijah,' however, seems to have been ill executed.

The Whiteside news from Paris, where the

season may be said now to have ended, is not exciting. M. Elwart's 'Ste. Cecile Mass,' written for Bordeaux, is to be executed at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on the 10th of June. M. Oscar Commettant has completed a Symphony on the story of "India in an uproar." Give us the good old foolish 'Battle of Prague' in preference! Madame Pauline du Chambe, an amateur whose romances held for years a place and a publicity of their own in French vocal music, has died lately at a very advanced age.

We have a line from Amsterdam mentioning the success of some music by Mynheer Van Eyken (a pupil, if we recollect right, of the Leipzig Conservatory) to 'Lucifer,' a tragedy by Mynheer Vondel.—Sweden sends tidings of a new Symphony by M. Lindblad, and of a new Cantata, 'Dreams,' by the same author, which is forthcoming. We would gladly hear more of the music by this real musician—a talent ice-bound in a remote land; but one which has reality, charm, and melody. Moore's song of "Nets and Cages" might be parodied to good effect in these times of ours. That "the female animal" (so Sydney Smith whimsically characterized man's better half in his angry letters about locked-up railway carriages) stands in need of some control, sumptuary or salique,—no one can doubt that has lately attempted a railway carriage in company with five gentlewomen "of the period."—M. Émile Augier seems, in the half-and-half spirit of morality which we ventured to ascribe to his 'La Jeunesse,' to have dealt with flounce, hoop and furbelow as so many snares, not safeguards, in a new play, 'Les Lionnes Pauvres,' produced by him in company with M. Fousier, at the *Théâtre Vaudeville*. To judge from published analysis, it does not seem as if prying into the "semi-demi-monde" could go much deeper into the mire than those shown in the new play;—which is all the while set forth as a "moral" production.

A new drama, 'Heinrich von Schwerin,' by Herr Gustav von Meyern, will be given at Berlin next week. It has (from what we read in the German journals) a patriotic tendency, and was first represented on the 16th of May at Weimar, where Music-Director Stör had written an overture to it, the principal motive of which was the melody of the once (say, ten years ago) popular song, 'Schleswig-Holstein meermuschungen.' When the well-remembered air rose from the full orchestra, first gently complaining, then swelling louder, and at last breaking forth triumphantly, it carried the whole auditory along with it, and an immense applause followed. The first repetition, at Weimar, was to be on the Whitsun holidays, and the whole profits are destined for the support of the dismissed Schleswig-Holstein officers and employés.

MISCELLANEA

Composers' Library and Reading Rooms.—This institution was established two years and a half ago by the composers of London, for the purpose of supplying their class with the means of access to the best literature of their country; and, assisted by many donations of books from various parties (amongst them His Royal Highness the Prince Consort) they can now boast of a library of no mean pretensions, yet there is ample margin for further progress; nor are the men unmindful of the fact, for they liberally subscribe to its annual increase, and in no way can authors and others who are so much interested in the composers' labour better show their appreciation of an effort like this than by contributing any books for which they might have no immediate want, whether their own works or those of others. As an illustration of the appreciation of the institution by the men themselves, we may mention that the large number of 1,000 volumes are always in circulation, and that the librarian is called upon to change as many as from 90 to 100 per day. The reading rooms are also daily attended by a numerous body of readers, for whom most of the daily and weekly papers are provided, as well as a large number of the better sort of magazines and other periodicals, both weekly and monthly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Honesty.—M. E. N.—Lector.—C. D. W.—C. A. R.—M. A. S. B.—T. and A.—J. W.—A.—W. B.—S. M.—M. D. F.—T. D. H.—received.

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Policies may be effected without loss of time, formalities being carried through at the Office every day, from 10 to 4; Saturdays 10 to 3; Medical Office daily at 11. The Board assembles on Thursdays at half-past 11.

Claims paid upon deaths occurring during the days of grace allowed for payment of Renewal Premiums.

Loans may be obtained in connexion with Policies effected with the Company. There has been advanced in this respect upwards of a quarter of a million since July, 1848.

The Society's progress during the last nine years may be judged of from the following list:—

	New Premiums.		New Premiums.
1840	25,618 11 8	1854	25,115 16 7
1841	8,261 2 1	1855	9,113 13 3
1842	5,134 3 4	1856	19,111 11 5
1843	9,421 19 0	1857	23,748 18 9
1844	10,436 1 2		

A great portion of the Society's Policies are upon first-class lives, but the Company being specifically established to include the insurance of individuals of regular and temperate habits, in whom health may be more or less impaired, the Board openly seek to transact business of this class at equitable rates, founded upon a careful consideration of these cases. Lives of this description, declined at some offices, are accordingly open to acceptance at the Gresham.

The range covered by English Rates in times of Peace and under ordinary circumstances in North of Gibraltar and Philadelphia.

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MAPPIN'S Two-Guinea DRESSING CASE, in solid Leather.
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